BOMBS! We now Insure Life, Limb AND HOME. SEE PAGE SIX.

JOHN BULL

Vol. XVII No. 440 | SATURDAY, NOVEMBER, 7, 1914. | ONE PENNY

(Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper)

456495

For meaning of this No. see page 11. of Cover.

Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them: nought shall make us rue,
If *Britain* to itself do rest but true.

Edited by HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

GOOSE STEP OR TURKEY TROT?

Largest Circulation of any Weekly Journal in the World.

"ZEPPELIN" PERIL COUPON.

(Insuring against ALL Enemy Aircraft).

Name of Insured .....

Address .....

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NOMINATION FORM.

In the event of my being injured or killed on land within the United Kingdom by Enemy Aircraft, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate first myself, or in the event of my death :—

Name .....

Address .....

.....

to receive such sum as may become payable under the terms of the Insurance Scheme set out in "JOHN BULL."

This coupon must be signed by the Insured—or, in the case of children under twelve years of age—by their parents or legal guardians, and is available for London and twelve-mile radius till 8 a.m. Wednesday, November 11th, and all other parts of the United Kingdom till 8 a.m. Thursday, November 12th.

HARRY APPLETON

The Man who Always Pays,

24, Oswald Street, Glasgow; 3, St. Thomas Street, London Bridge, S.E.

Credit Accounts opened. Daily settlements a speciality.
Not represented on any racecourse.

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER ?

Every copy of JOHN BULL bears upon its cover a distinctive number, and every week FIFTY of such numbers will be drawn and PUBLISHED IN THE FOLLOWING ISSUE.

To each of the holders of copies of JOHN BULL *of specified date*, bearing any of such numbers, we will, upon production within seven days of publication (a reasonable extension will be allowed to foreign and Colonial claimants) of a sufficient portion of the cover to identify the date and number, pay the sum of ONE GUINEA in return for his using his best endeavour for one week to increase our circulation. Before the money is paid we require a full report of all the work done.

The following have sent in correct claims:—
H. WINKLE, 24, Nile Street, Burslem, October 17th. 057,881.
I. S. SHARP, 3, Oxford Road, Sidcup, October 19th. 489,135.
WALTER J. MARSON, 45, Wilbert Lane, Beverley, Yorks. October 17th, 358,415.

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of October 31st :—

004616	139174	313634	548143	778953
012609	153637	371776	560139	817799
022217	172681	384742	584311	839884
041796	205333	406790	602489	858953
050833	236878	420860	637353	871645
063255	245252	442967	645914	888870
067122	254947	465383	662542	970144
080281	294000	491924	703506	A005642
100783	319759	513993	717789	A027831
133984	346453	537151	733317	A042758

* The A prefixed to a drawn number indicates it is plus a million.
The Fifty Numbers in respect of this week will be announced in our next issue (published November 11th).

JOHN BULL PEN COUPON. Value 1d.

By sending this Coupon with P.O. for 2/6 and loose 1d. stamp for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a John Bull Gold Nibbed Fountain Pen. Additional Coupons up to 12 from "John Bull" or "Mary Bull," any dates, may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 1d. off the price. You may send 13 Coupons, and P.O. for 1/6 only and loose 1d. stamp for postage. Address Pen Dept., "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C. November 7 1914.

N.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine, Medium, or Broad Nib.

FIRST READ THIS.
If you predict the "Home" Team will win put in ink a X in the Home Column; if you predict the "Away" Team will win put a X in the Away Column. For Draws put a X in the Draw Column

John Bull ENTRANCE FORM.

Matches to be played Saturday, Nov. 14th.

HOME.	AWAY.	DRAW.	HOME TEAM.		AWAY TEAM.
			Aston Villa	v.	Sheffield U.
			Liverpool	v.	Middlesbrough
			Bradford	v.	Newcastle U.
			Manchester U.	v.	Burnley
			Bolton Wanderers	v.	Bradford C.
			Notts C.	v.	Everton
			Sunderland	v.	W. Bromwich A.
			Sheffield W.	v.	Manchester C.
			Glossop	v.	Barnsley
			Stockport C.	v.	Preston N. E.
			Hull C.	v.	Bury
			Leeds C.	v.	Bristol C.
			Clapton O.	v.	Huddersfield T.
			Derby County	v.	Birmingham
			Queen's Park R.	v.	Exeter City
			Bristol R.	v.	Brighton & Hove
			Croydon C.	v.	Gillingham
			Southampton	v.	West Ham
			Northampton	v.	Plymouth A.
			Watford	v.	Crystal Palace

I enter "JOHN BULL." Football Competition in accordance with the rules announced on this page and agree to accept the Editor's published decision as final and legally binding, and enter on that understanding.

Signed .....

6 *Address* .....

.....

Entrance Forms must be cut, not torn out.

Read Rules Carefully.

NOTE METHOD OF MARKING COUPON.

We have adopted the following rule for marking the Entrance Form:—If you predict the Home Team will win, put a X in the Home Column; if you give the Away Team to win, put a X in the Away Column. For a Draw put a X in the Draw Column.

2. Having done this, write in ink (typewriting or pencilling will not do) your name and address in the space provided, cut out the Entrance Form, and address it to "John Bull," 10, Floral Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C., mark envelope in top left-hand corner, Football Contest, No. 6, and post to reach us not later than **Friday, November 13th.**

3. The sum of £1,000 will be paid to the Competitor whose entrance form contains the correct results, as published in the *Sporting Life*, of all the matches given played to a finish on November 14th. Should it happen that no entrance form be received giving the whole of the correct results, a cash prize of £100 will be paid to the Competitor sending in the most correct Forecasts whatever the number; and £25 to the sender of the next correct forecasts on a mauve coupon taken from *Mary Bull*. If the sender of a mauve coupon should win or share the £1,000, or the £100, the *Mary Bull* prize will be awarded to the sender of the *next* most correct forecasts on a mauve coupon.

4. No responsibility will be accepted by the Editor for the loss or non-delivery of any effort. No correspondence will be entered into, neither will interviews be granted.

5. Any effort on which any alteration has been made will be disqualified.

6. In the event of a tie or ties in this Competition, the £1000, the £100 as well as the special £25 mauve coupon Prize, will be equally divided.

7. Our employees are strictly debarred from entering this contest.

8. Scottish readers may enter.

THE CLOSING DATE IS FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 13th.

DUPLICATE COUPON.

The following duplicate list of the matches is printed solely for the convenience of Competitors desirous of keeping a record of their efforts. It must on no account be sent in, and will not be accepted as proof of forecasts made on the Entrance Form.

H	A	D	TEAMS.	H	A	D	TEAMS.
			Aston Villa v. Sheffield U.				Hull City v. Bury
			Liverpool v. Middlesbrough				Leeds City v. Bristol C.
			Bradford v. Newcastle U.				Clapton O. v. Huddersf'ld T.
			Manchester U. v. Burnley				Derby C. v. Birmingham
			Bolton Wand. v. Bradford C.				Queen's P. R. v. Exeter City
			Notts C. v. Everton				Bristol R. v. Brighton & H.
			Sunderland v. W. Brom. A				Croydon C. v. Gillingham
			Sheffield W. v. Manch'er C.				Southampton v. West Ham
			Glossop v. Barnsley				Northampton v. Plymouth A.
			Stockport C. v. Preston N.E.				Watford v. Crystal Palace

JOHN BULL.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Vol. XVII. No. 440 Week ending Saturday, November 7th, 1914. One Penny.

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WAR CELEBRITIES.

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Size 8½ by 11. Mounted for Framing.

ON SALE AT ALL BOOKSTALLS.
Post Free 1/2 from JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.

£10 REWARD.

Wanted, the Copy of "John Bull" for OCT. 31st, 1914, bearing on its Cover the Number **518,222.**

Apply THE MANAGER "JOHN BULL," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

Prince Louis.

We have no desire to gloat over the fact that the demand, first made and regularly insisted upon in these columns, for the resignation of Prince Louis of Battenberg from the post of First Sea Lord has been successful. The Prince has done the right thing in difficult and delicate circumstances. During his term of office we believe he has done his best, prompted by nothing but loyalty to his chosen King and patriotism for his adopted land; and we thank him. But he is German by blood and birth. That is his only fault, but in these days it could not be overlooked. He has acted like a gentleman and a Prince.

No Bomb Worry.

As will be seen from the announcement on page 6 of this issue, we have now extended our free Zeppelin Insurance Scheme to cover not only accident and death, but also damage to private houses and their contents. And the insurance is *really* free. It does not involve a quarter's subscription to our journal, or anything of the kind. You just buy your copy, fill up the coupon—and we, and the bomb, do the rest!

The *Amende Honorable.*

From the *Derry Weekly News*:—

> I have to eat humble pie this week. To Mr. Horatio Bottomley I tender my most sincere thanks for his glorious article, "Oh! God of Battles." To my mind it is the finest bit of writing that has been done for some years. I didn't think he had it in him. Also I'm sorry I was so rough about the "John Redmond" article.

We *are* getting on!

A Word with Mr. Runciman.

Last week we quoted a tribute, only two years old, paid by a leading daily paper of undoubted imperial instinct to the honour and friendliness of the Kaiser. To-day we want a word with Mr. Runciman. Two years ago, too, he made a speech, in which he said he "desired to apologise to Germany for Lord Roberts' unjustifiable words towards a friendly Power, actuated by no desire for military or naval supremacy, but only by commercial rivalry." And he is President of the Board of Trade! But what about an apology to grand old Bobs?

How *Not* to Do It.

Here is a recruiting incident from West Hartlepool. A man, in good health, physically fit, and as strong as an ox, is refused because he is half an inch below the standard measurement—which reminds us of the story of "duck disease."

"W. H. S. & Son."

Speaking of recruiting reminds us of how splendidly the employees of W. H. Smith and Son are answering the call, no less than 400 having already gone out. In this respect they are following the example of the partners—Major Viscount Hambleden, Colonel Acland, Major Awdry, and Captain W. H. D. Acland, already being with their regiments.

Kaiser or Kätzer?

A correspondent points out that "Kätzer" is Swiss for blasphemer. So the Kaiser is a Kätzer!

Hands Across the Sea.

"JOHN BULL, one of England's popular penny weeklies, is a constant stimulant these war-times."—From the *Milwaukee Free Press.*

Nearing the End.

This will *not* be a long war. It *cannot* be—and it *must not* be. Two millions of men are already out of action—and at this rate the world would soon come to an end.

Why Not, Indeed!

"Why on earth," asks Mr. Patrick O'Brien, the well-known sweepstake organiser of Lucerne, "doesn't the British Government, either itself or through some responsible firm, promote a great Patriotic Sweepstake or Lottery for the benefit of the War Fund? I would undertake to raise a million in a week without causing anybody the slightest inconvenience, and at the same time provide the over-wrought public with a much-needed tonic in the way of pleasurable and possibly very profitable excitement." Why not, indeed! Perhaps, however, one result of the ordeal through which we are passing will be that we shall throw off our national cant and humbug, and follow the example of other nations in officially recognising the inherent sporting proclivities of human nature. Why not a great Patriotic "Sweep" upon the Football Cup?

Our Insurance Scheme—insures you, your children and your home—absolutely free.

Herr Bettman, of Coventry.

Somebody has sent us a *Coventry Standard* of November 14th, 1913; we know not who, and it is not very clear why. The issue refers to the election, as Mayor of the borough, of Herr S. Bettman, parts of his speech on the auspicious occasion being underlined in red ink. His election, said his Worship, *inter alia*, "pointed a lesson, not only to Coventry, not only to England, but to the world. It was a message of peace. It was one of Nature's commandments that every man should preserve within his heart an ineffaceable love for the country of his birth. He left his native land many, many years ago, yet he had not forgotten it. . . . His election as Mayor was an evident proof that he had succeeded in combining with the love he owed to the country of his birth the affectionate attachment to which the country of his adoption was entitled." Possibly the newspaper has been sent to us in order that we may congratulate Herr Bettman on the facility with which he is able to divide his affections, but as it is somewhat late in the day for us to give adequate expression to our sentiments in that respect, will somebody inform us what precisely is the public position of Herr Bettman in the borough now? Is he still Mayor, and, if so, is it proposed to renew his term of office, that Coventry may let her light so shine before Britons that all may see her glory?

Hot Baths and Bunkum.

A few evenings ago a sergeant of the Gloucester Regiment, wounded at Mons, who was on a visit to a relation in a village near Bristol, attended a temperance meeting. Denouncing the supply of rum to the troops, one of the speakers stated that after exposure in the trenches a hot bath, a good rub down, and some hot, strong soup were of more value than all the rum in the world. Yet the troops preferred rum. The idea of carting hot baths, and good rubdowns, and turtle soup about the trenches to keep Tommy Atkins all cosy inside and out while popping at Germhuns for days and nights on end, was too much for the Mons warrior—so he rose and left. He will not tell us what he told the orator, but if any of our readers would like to guess, the Press Bureau, while not confirming the news, will have no objection to publication.

Rum, Isn't It?

It will, too, be cheerful news to soaked and shivering British soldiers, fighting the battles of their country in the shell-swept trenches of France and Belgium, to learn that a public meeting of the inhabitants of Hayle, in Cornwall, has passed a resolution "protesting against the action of the War Office in supplying rum to men on active service," and that this resolution has been sent to Earl Kitchener. Whether tots of cold water will now be served out is more than we can promise; though it is rumoured that the population of Hayle are not wholly without hope. But they might like to read the message sent to General Neill by Sir Henry Havelock in 1846, begging him not to deprive the troops of their rum, "which would be a most trying deprivation after the hardships they had endured."

Why Should Miss Clara Codd?

Miss Clara Codd told a Chester audience the other evening that they had all been on earth before, and after departure therefrom would come back again, though we did not always return to earth as members of the same race or even in the same physical form. This is, of course, an ancient philosophy, and we should not have made any remarks about it if a reader had not inquired our opinion as to whether the Kaiser can be a physical manifestation of the Devil's second time on earth. It is a difficult question to settle; all we can say is that the likeness undoubtedly creates suspicion.

Stealing Our Clothes.

As we have often pointed out, the official political Parties, although pretending to ignore our existence, do not hesitate—when it suits them—to steal our ideas, and cheerfully appropriate them without acknowledgment. Some years ago our old friend, Jerry M'Veagh, coolly posed as the author of our plan as to dormant bank balances; and now we have Mr. George H. Parker, Chairman of the "National League of Young Liberals," writing to the daily Press, and forwarding a resolution passed "by the Executive of the London Council of our national organisation under *my* chairmanship," suggesting the Workmen's Compensation Act "as a suitable groundwork upon which to build a structure for the relief of those who are permanently disabled while fighting our battles, and for the dependents of those who perish." Considering that, at the very commencement of the war, we made this self-same proposal, and that it has always been one of the planks in our platform, the Chairman of the National League of Young Liberals is to be congratulated on his great discovery. In the same way the *Morning Post* calmly observes: "The country would have vastly more confidence in the conduct of affairs if a sailor, a real expert in the business of naval war, were placed at the head of the Board of Admiralty." We seem to recognise the words.

An Ulster Boanerges.

The Rev. Mr. Thompson, of Derry, a controversial divine, appears to need a few lessons in elementary logic, to say nothing of Christian charity. Addressing a gathering of Ulster Volunteers at Glendermott, recently, he observed that "Mr. Asquith and the members of the Government were equally as guilty as the Germans." In support of this terrible indictment, Mr. Thompson proceeded to argue that "if Belfast had been made a heap of ruins, it would have been a much greater iniquity than the destruction of Maubeuge, Louvain and Rheims, hives of iniquity and idolatry." This *ex-hypothesi* reasoning, as the logicians call it, is proverbially tricky, and in the heat of his wrath the poor parson has evidently turned things upside-down. "*If* Belfast had been made a heap of ruins," then it might perhaps have been argued that the Government "were equally as guilty as the Germans," and nowhere, we believe, would such an outrage have been more fiercely resented than in the "hives of iniquity and idolatry" of Catholic Ireland.

Never Again!

At a time when patriotic sentiment is in full flood, it is unpleasant to record that a Crimean veteran, with the Victoria Cross "for valour," has just died in the workhouse at Wellingborough, where, for some time past, he had lived, a pauper. That such a fate should have been allowed to assail a man once honoured for conspicuous heroism in the service of his country is a reproach to our patriotism, and a blot upon our national honour. At a time when this same coveted decoration is about to be bestowed upon worthy successors of Wellingborough's pauper hero, it is surely not inopportune to plead that, whatever the future may hold for them, they may be spared his ultimate fate. The pension of £10 per annum, which the Victoria Cross now carries, should, in cases of necessity, be generously augmented from the coffers of a grateful nation.

Llandudno Laughs!

W. Roba, a Llandudno tailor, is advertising that he is not a native of Germany, but of Bohemia, and that he is a naturalised Englishman. We are glad to see the implied rebuke to the ravagers of Rheims—though we really thought we were having a little scrap with the Emperor of Austria as well.

Our Zeppelin Insurance is absolutely free. Simply fill in the Coupon.

Seducing the Farmers.

According to the *London Corn Chronicle*, Mr. A. H. H. Matthews, the Secretary of the Central Chamber of Agriculture, speaking at a meeting of the Royal Isle of Wight Agricultural Society, advised farmers not to plant a single acre more of wheat this autumn than they would have done had there been no war, because if the price of wheat should go up to any extent owing to the war the Government had taken legislative power, and had got their scheme of organisation all cut and dried, to commandeer all wheat or other foodstuffs at any time and at their price. We have examined this advice of Mr. Matthews in vain to find some saving gleam of patriotism. Although the Empire is passing at this moment through the most perilous crisis in its history, and only the efficiency of our Navy gives us this day our daily bread, such tremendous considerations do not appear to weigh in the least in Mr. Matthews' mind against the pecuniary profits of the farming fraternity. His advice to the farmers amounts to this: Do nothing to assist the Government, because precautionary measures have been taken to prevent your snatching an advantage from the war and making exorbitant profits from your produce. Luckily, we have too much confidence in the patriotism of our agriculturists to fear that such evil promptings will be heeded. We look to the Central Chamber of Agriculture to dissociate themselves at once from the unpatriotic counsel of their Secretary.

The Vicar's Daughter.

Writing with reference to our recent Candid Epistle to his daughter, Miss Buck, just returned from Germany, the Vicar of Leamington complains that the local paper did not send a proof of the interview with his daughter—as they should have done and promised to do—or their statement that she believed Germany was in the right would have been corrected. What she really said was that the *Germans thought* they were in the right; a very different matter. The Vicar's complaint in these circumstances appears on his own statement to be well founded. When a reporter promises to send a proof of matter supplied to him, he is certainly under moral obligation to do so.

Kent Police, Note.

A German Baron, who has never been naturalised, but who has married an English lady, is living at a country seat in Kent, which has been for many years in the possession of his wife's family. He was interned at Frith Hill, but was released, and has now returned to his wife's ancestral home. He does not conceal his sympathy with the Germans. We should like to know what steps the authorities have taken to prevent this gentleman from conspiring against the peace of the realm, and "adhering to the King's enemies"—in other words, acting as a spy.

Prophetic!

Do you recall the following passage from "The Merchant of Venice," Act I., Scene II.?.

Nerissa: How like you the young German?

Portia: Very vilely in the morning when he is sober and most vilely in the afternoon when he is drunk; when he is best he is little worse than a man; and when he is worst he is little better than a beast.

Quite topical, eh?

The Kaiser's Oversight.

Up to the time of writing, the Kaiser has quite forgotten to invade the neutral and independent Principality of Monaco. Not only could he burn down a church, but he could even add to his laurels by being one of the few men to break the bank at Monte Carlo.

Doctors' Diagnoses Differ.

On October 10th the *Croydon Guardian* published a report of the miraculous escape from serious injury of a youth of 16 named George World, who was thrown from his bicycle under a 'bus, which passed over him. Upon his arrival at Croydon Hospital, where he was conveyed, the report states "it was found that the only injury he had received was a slight bruise on the chest," and he was sent home. But his father—who has brought the case to our notice—took the precaut on to call in his own doctor, who found that the lad was suffering from "severe shock, fracture of lower jaw, bruising in many parts of the body and limbs, and severe bruising in the lower part of the back close to the spine"—so severe, indeed, that he has not yet been able to leave bed. We think this is a matter for inquiry. We should like to know how the Croydon Hospital doctor came to overlook the fractured jaw and severely bruised back, and to send the boy home without adequate treatment.

Drink and the War.

Though we are still unconvinced that the evidence of general insobriety among newly-enlisted soldiers and the womenfolk they leave behind them is sufficient to justify the closing of public houses at 10 o'clock, Lord Kitchener's appeal does appear to show that the public are indulging their gratitude to the men of the new Army by thoughtless treating. It is hospitable folly, for it is obvious that the young soldier must be encouraged to discipline himself in habits of temperance. But what sober and sensible people have to do is discourage everything which places facilities for reasonable refreshment at the mercy of pumpuritan fanatics, who are just now very busy driving in the thin edge of the wedge, and will leave nothing undone either in exaggeration or calumny to make the Temporary Restrictions Act a permanent measure. Meanwhile, Mr. Publican, already taxed up to his eyes, is having a rough time of it.

Encouraging the Canadians.

Here is a story we cannot understand. We tell it as it is told to us; to wit, that on one of the transports a sum of 1½ dollars was collected for wear and tear of the vessel from every one of the Canadian troops on board. Surely the Government who hired the ship should pay all charges of this kind, and not permit Canadian Volunteers to be mulcted for scratching the paint or treading on the decks. "Our Commanding Officer is inexperienced and soft-hearted," says the *communiqué*, "and if we had not disgorged the money it would have been deducted from our pay." Can it be that some of the crew took advantage of the "innocent abroad" by collecting a "tip" per head in the guise of "wear and tear"?

Bandmasters and their Nationalities.

We have received a letter from Monsieur P. R. Meny's Solicitor anent our paragraph on quick-change artists, and the engagement of the Royal Belgian Orchestra at Leamington. We are glad to correct the impression conveyed by us that Monsieur Meny is an Austrian. We are assured that he is a native of Belgium, having been born at Ostend, and that his parents and grand-parents were also bred and born in Belgium.

Chemists Wanted!

There are at present in commission ten naval hospital ships, some of which carry as many as twenty doctors, with nurses and even a dental surgeon; but we look in vain for any qualified pharmacist to dispense the medicines. Poor soldiers!

Last chance to win our £1,000 Football Prize—Final Coupon.

IF WE LOST.

REFLECTIONS UPON THE EFFECT OF A REMOTE CONTINGENCY.

Our readers require no reminder that we are not pessimists in regard to this war. We have committed ourselves to the view—and we see no reason to depart from it—that, all material, mundane considerations apart, this is the Hour of our Destiny—the dawn of Britain's greatest glory, as we have called it; the death of mad militarism; the crushing by the mills of God of the Butcher of Berlin—the apotheosis of the Anglo-Saxon race. We have gone further and said that in our view it is God's stocktaking of the world, for the purpose of re-ordering and righting things which the nations have put all awry. And in that stocktaking we are more confident to-day than ever we were before that we are coming out on top; that the great Architect of the Universe intends to raise a new and better humanity, on an Anglo-Saxon base. What is to happen then, we hope to forecast at an early date; but to-day we will consider the answer to a question often put to us: "What difference would it make if we lost?" Of course, the man who asks that question feels no instinctive thrill of patriotism.

He is thinking of his personal comfort—of his belly and his pocket. And we must not necessarily blame him. At any rate, we must answer him; we must try to make him understand. It is not enough to tell him that the cessation of naval and military rivalry between Germany and Britain will mean the liberation of at least fifty millions a year for the relief of unemployment and poverty. It is not enough to promise him that after the great stocktaking all the old frauds and humbugs of religion and politics will be abandoned; that the rich and the poor will be brought nearer together than they have ever been before; that, instead of battleships, we shall be building merchant vessels; that ploughs and tools of industry will absorb our steel and iron; that the pension age may be reduced and the allowance increased. He has heard these things so often. It reminds him of the promises of the rival candidates at election time. So we must paint the picture in less prosaic colours.

What Invasion Would Mean.

We will start by supposing that the German hosts had reached our shores. We must imagine that by a series of "regrettable accidents" our Fleet had been overcome—that in a naval Armageddon Germany had won the day, the trident is wrested from our grasp. Never mind the wild improbability of these imaginative flights. We are "just supposing," and the exercise is wholesome. Moreover, every one of the calamities we now picture *might* really have happened if certain short-sighted politicians had had their way with our Imperial defences. Think, then, again. The British Fleet is beaten. The Continental war has resulted in the triumph of German arms. Great Britain has been successfully invaded. What would happen then? Do not run away with the idea that a Peace Treaty would at once follow. Much would happen before that. To begin with, every man not in military uniform who attempted to protect his family from outrage would be instantly murdered, and if a protracted defence were attempted, even by the military, the City would be laid in ashes. No mercy of any kind would be shown. The men would be slaughtered, after having seen their children spitted on bayonets and their wives and daughters violated before their eyes. This has occurred in Belgium, and would be repeated with tenfold fury here, if ever the envious and malignant Huns were able to glut their ire in the land which above all others they hate so ferociously. There are no limits to the fiendish murders, outrages and cruelties which these savages would commit. They have been hounded on by their chiefs, at the head of them being the epileptic wretch who dares to call upon the name of the Deity to sanctify his butcheries. Men of England, try to realise this—and if you think the picture overdrawn, ask of the Belgian refugees. With eyes nearly blind from weeping, the women are daily telling to their British sisters tales of horror, murder, lust and torture such as for very shame they dare not disclose to others. Therefore let us take pity on our City and our people and arm to the teeth to beat back to their lair these wild beasts of Berlin. For, after glutting their appetite for lust and slaughter and monumental destruction, what next?

The German Terms.

Let us pass away from the horrors of invasion, and picture the plight of Britain on the morrow of a complete German victory. Suppose that at length, in sheer exhaustion, we have flung down our arms, and are prepared to treat with the foe at our gates and within our walls. Assume that we are ready to make peace upon the Kaiser's terms. It all sounds very far-fetched and unreal, but to give free play to the imagination is sometimes a wholesome exercise. Upon what conditions should we be permitted to retire from the conflict if once our armed forces were finally beaten by land and sea? Prophecy is not a wholly mystic art. Given certain fixed data, it is largely a matter of clear and logical deduction. With practice, it may become a wonderfully exact process. We are supposing that by some stupendous miracle of destiny the might of Britain is overthrown. What then? To get a true perspective, it is necessary to re-examine the motives of the Potsdam bully, and to fathom the impulses which have urged on the German nation to the present campaign of violence and rapine. Never must we lose sight of the originating factors in the struggle. First, there was the mad blood-lust of the Kaiser, breaking out into a frenzy of conquest, and fed by a demoniac vision of himself "in shining armour"—triumphant over a prostrate world. But the Kaiser by himself could not have kindled the devouring fury of the Huns. The stubble was ready for the spark. Rancorous, venomous, relentless hatred of Britain had become an article of faith with the masses of the German people. At the breath of war, the

nation rose as a man to salute "The Day." And there was a further impulse which we must keep steadily in mind. Hundreds of German citizens who yelled themselves hoarser than usual in the streets of Berlin last August were animated by no loftier sentiment than vulgar greed. In the more polished phrase of the politician, they were thinking solely, or principally, of commercial expansion and economic development. To this section, war spelt loot, not on the field of battle (that is the privilege of Crown Princes and other scum) but afterwards—when we had lost. If we are accurately to forecast the consequences of defeat, we must thread our way through this medley of mixed motives. There is nothing else to guide us. Except in his disordered dreams, the Kaiser has never had power to impose his will upon a beaten nation. Suppose he had done so—and suppose that nation were ours!

BRITAIN A SUZERAIN STATE!

Thenceforth, by every means short of the complete absorption of Great Britain in the German Empire—and even that is not unthinkable—the Government of this country would be subject to the suzerainty of Berlin. King George V. would retain his throne as a vassal of his unnatural cousin. Our territories, with an area of 13 million square miles and a population of 400 millions, would become German, and German would be the new world-language. By compelling us to cede the fairest of our oversea possessions, Germany would at length attain her cherished dream of colonial expansion. To our self-governing Dominions she would dictate humiliating and impossible terms, as a formal preliminary to invasion and conquest. Having thus obligingly relieved us of our Imperial responsibilities, she would strip us of the remnants of our shattered Fleet, herself guaranteeing the safety of our shores against any aggression but her own! Our Army would be reduced to the limits of a modest national militia and recruiting stringently forbidden for a term of years. Our place in the counsels of Europe would be usurped by the conquering Teuton, and the thunders of Downing Street—somewhat muffled of late, but still potent on occasion—would be replaced by a feeble echo of the Wilhelmstrasse. Frequent state visits from the Berlin Butcher might accustom, though they could never inure, us to the stark realities of our humiliation and defeat. If he chose—and he is mad enough for any ebulition of personal vanity—his Royal and Imperial Majesty might clatter down Whitehall with an escort of Death's Head Hussars, and line up his pet cuirassiers in the sanctity of Palace Yard. What a picture for gods and men!

Remember what we said just now about the consuming hatred of Britain observable among all ranks and classes of the German people. A victorious Germany, drunk with this mad fury of hate, would spare us no single circumstance of indignity. What more could she demand? Say, rather, what more could she not demand? The free use of the Channel for her proud ships of war. The right to control British coast defences and to establish herself where she chose on any of our seaboards. The power to extend her limited coastline by making ours strategically her own. The establishment of naval bases in Ireland, or elsewhere upon our Atlantic shores. The cession of Malta, Gibraltar, Wei-hai-wei, Hong-Kong, Cyprus, and the right to try conclusions, or to bargain with, the native races for the possession of India, Egypt, and the Soudan. The "right" to thieve and loot the fairest gems in Britain's Imperial diadem. It is idle to object that no civilised Power makes peace on such terms. No civilised Power has yet made war as Germany has done.

ECONOMIC SUBJUGATION.

We spoke of greed as a motive for German aggression. It is a Teutonic maxim that "the soldier is the best commercial traveller." Trade follows the Flag to triumph or disaster, and on the heels of the Kaiser's conquering legions would follow the men with the muck-rakes, intent only on sordid gain. The inglorious pact of peace which we have tried to outline would be coupled with a commercial treaty of iron rigour. On our part, it would be the kind of bargain which a man signs with a pistol at his head. The enemy's main objective would be the capture, for her own manufacturers, of those fields of industry in which the supremacy of Great Britain has been the envy of the world, and a prime occasion for the jealous fury of her foes. The German purpose would be attained by means of skilful tariff manipulations, and perhaps by direct interference with the course of British trade. From the end of the war Germany would *enjoy* "most favoured nation" treatment, free access to British markets, not by the courtesy, or—as some say—by the folly of the British Government, but by the unchallengeable right of conquest. Having robbed us of the power to strike in self-defence, either by fiscal retaliation or armed reprisals, Germany would everywhere adopt an offensive tariff policy directed to the swift extinction of Britain's commercial supremacy. And remember that the brunt of the disaster must inevitably fall, not upon the "bloated" capitalist—who can range the world for paying investments—but upon the wage-earner, rooted to the soil, and with no asset but the labour of his hands. And now, please, add to all this the imposition of an enormous war levy—of not less, perhaps, than 1,000 millions sterling, and all our national treasures carried off to Berlin.

Then sum it all up, and you will see that German victory means national, spiritual, economic death to our Empire and to every unit in it. The population would gradually dwindle—work would become scarcer and scarcer, and the name of Briton would be a by-word on the lips of men. Contrast that picture with the summary of the fruits of victory with which we began this article—just adding that, with *Civis Britannicus Sum* as your motto, you would then be the proudest, noblest man on earth—and *then* ask yourself if it is not worth fighting for your land and glory.

But enough of nightmare. If we have drawn a gloomy picture it has been in order to point the "frightfulness" of the consequences which might ensue from the slightest weakening of our high purpose, or the least slackening of our stern resolve. Let there be no slackness of recruiting, no lack of alertness in any public office; no funk, no depression, no niggardliness in the treatment of our fighting men or their dependents; no Party bickering, no renewal of faction strife. Above all, let us have faith—faith in God's plan, or (if you prefer the phrase) faith in Britain's unchangeable Destiny.

THE COMING ZEPPELIN PERIL.

OUR FREE INSURANCE (GUARANTEED AT LLOYD'S) AGAINST INJURY TO HOME, LIMB OR LIFE.

As the dark days of winter approach, so the chances of an organised air raid by Germany increase. Already the enemy is boasting that before long St. Paul's, Westminster Abbey, and the Tower of London, and national institutions in the Provincial cities will have met the fate of Rheims Cathedral and the public buildings of Louvain; and although the peril may be to some extent exaggerated, there can be no question that the danger is a very real one. That this fact is fully realised by the commercial community is shown by the enormous rush during the past few weeks to effect insurances at Lloyd's—which, as our readers are aware, is the largest insurance institution in the world. It must be borne in mind that the ordinary life and accident policies of the various insurance offices do not afford any protection against such a risk as that arising from bombs in time of war—and, consequently, it behoves every cautious British subject to be on his guard, not only against injury to himself and the members of his family, but equally as regards damage to his home.

We are happy to say that we have now completed arrangements whereby, *free of any cost*, our readers may be protected not only in regard to life and limb *but also against damage to their home.* There is no necessity to fill up any form of subscription to this journal or to affix stamps to our coupons. All you have to do is *to preserve carefully the coupon which will be found on page ii. of our cover*—AFTER SIGNING IT, WITH NAME AND ADDRESS; *and renew the coupon every week, so as always to have the current week's coupon filled in. Thus, this week's coupon holds good, in London and twelve miles round, until* 8 *a.m. on Wednesday, November* 11*th, and in other parts of the United Kingdom until* 8 *a.m. on Thursday, November* 12*th—the difference in dates being explained by the fact that* JOHN BULL *is published in the London District on Wednesday, and elsewhere on Thursday.*

To every person of sixteen years of age and upwards, injured on land by the enemy's aircraft within the United Kingdom, and, who before the time of injury had duly filled up the coupon which will be found on page ii. of the cover of this issue, or of such coupon from any subsequent issue, during the period therein stated, we will pay, to either such person *or to the person named therein*:—

In the event of death within 30 days ..	£500
In the event of injury permanently preventing such person from carrying on his or her usual occupation	£250
In the event of partial disablement	£100
For minor injury	£50
As regards persons under the age of 16 and over the age of 12:—	
In the event of death, the sum of	£250
In the event of total disablement	£100
In the event of partial disablement	£50
In any other case	£25
In the case of children under 12:—	
In the event of death, the sum of	£100
In the event of injury, involving the loss of any organ or limb	£50
In the event of any other injury	£10
In the event of damage to home or contents, up to	£100

We shall not trouble about any question of "legal representative" or "next-of-kin." We shall pay the amount of the insurance to the owner of the coupon, or to the person nominated thereon, *and to no one else.*

Claims must be received by us within seven days of the injury, and must be supported by such evidence as may be required by the Editor, whose decision shall be final upon all questions. Not more than one claim can be entertained in respect of injury to any one person, or in respect of damage to any one home—nor more than a total of £10,000 paid.

To summarise: All you have to do is to fill up the Insurance Coupon which you will find on page ii. of the cover of this issue, and preserve it for a week. You thereby become automatically insured. *We* pay the Government Stamp Duty, and *we* pay the premium to Lloyd's. You should fill up a similar coupon for each member of your family, and if you do not require the additional copies of our journal *send them to friends abroad, or to soldiers in hospital or camp*—they will be very glad to have them.

GERMHUN SAUCE.

THE STUFF THAT SPIES ARE MADE OF.

It will scarcely be credited that even since the outbreak of war British employers have been pestered with applications for employment from German and Austrian subjects. The manager of an electrical machinery firm at Bradford writes:—

> Enclosed herewith please find a letter received from a man named Albert Schmid, which I think is about as impertinent a case as one could imagine. I had an interview with this man this morning, and he had the impudence to say that, as we were undoubtedly losing a great many men from this country, there were plenty of firms who would require men with such ability as he possesses to fill their places. When I had got to know all I could, I gave him a piece of my mind in a very unreserved fashion. Unfortunately, he had registered, and was inside the limit, or I would have had him locked up within a few moments.

At the date of this interview alien enemies of fighting age were free to follow their own devices without serious hindrance from the authorities, and for some unexplained reason Herr Albert Schmid was most anxious to obtain employment with our correspondent's firm, which is upon the list of War Office and Admiralty contractors. His letter of application was as choice a sample of Teutonic impudence as we have lately encountered. An extract reads:—

> Having been in England for two years, I am 24 years of age, single, and not eligible for the Army. To start with, I would ask you for 30s. a week, under the arrangement that this salary will be increased according to my progress. A postcard herewith is meant for your favourable reply, which kindly let me have at your earliest.

At the date of this extraordinary letter the war had been in progress for six weeks, but Herr Schmid "made no bones" as to his nationality, nor did he seem to regard it as a disqualification for employment by a British firm. On a separate sheet, proudly headed "My business career," he wrote:—

> You will see that I am a German subject, and have started my business career in the office of the Clock Factory, the Hamburg Amerikanische Uhrenfabrik, Schramberg, Würtemberg. ..... As soon as the final settlement concerning my military obligation was secured, I decided to go to England, and just two years have now elapsed since I first set foot on these islands. Here I was fortunate enough to get a situation in which I not only could make use of my previous experiences, but in which I also could gather fresh ones.

The careers of most German spies may be traced from such beginnings, and our correspondent was certainly justified in regarding the cheeky Teuton with grave suspicion.

THE WHITE SLAVER'S OPPORTUNITY.

"DESPERATE DISEASES REQUIRE DESPERATE REMEDIES."

The authorities must make a very earnest attempt to grapple with an enemy of humanity which is already in our midst—the white slave traffic, which we have excellent reasons for believing has been terribly on the increase since Tommy went to the front, leaving his young wife at home. Mrs. Atkins may not, however, be in such peril as the girl clerk, many thousands of whom have been thrown out of employment by the war; they have no separation allowance. But still there are many whom Tommy has left behind who do not care to sit idly by, and have therefore advertised for situations. These announcements are watched for by the scoundrels who ply the hellish trade, as anxiously as the cats' meat man is looked for by the household feline. We know it, for we have listened to the experiences of many young women who have been asked to walk into the trap, but had sufficient knowledge of the world to understand and avoid the "business" offered.

As a sample of the methods of the "traders," we give the following case: The other day, a particularly intelligent young woman of 24, the wife of a soldier at the front, advertised in a daily paper for employment, one of the answers she received being the following, which she brought for our perusal and opinion:—

> Madam,—Replying to your advertisement in ——— of to-day, if you have no objection with a young gentleman, I shall be pleased to employ you in my City business. Short hours, light employment. Only from 10 in the mornings to 5.30 p.m. If you care to consider this, I shall be back in London on Saturday next, and should be very pleased to see you. I shall be pleased to meet you at 6 p.m. at the British Museum Tube Station *Central*, High Holborn, on Saturday next. Would you please keep a book in one hand and a newspaper in the other hand, so I shall come up to you. I can assure you of *every confidence* about this appointment, in such a manner as I have no other opportunity, as I am leaving again for a few days on Sunday.

The signature is undecipherable—doubtless purposely so. The girl had the intelligence to consult us before the meeting took place. Thus, we were able to arrange for one of our commissioners to be near the rendezvous at the appointed hour. His report is that at six o'clock a man of unmistakably Continental stamp reconnoitred the woman from the opposite side of the street. After a few minutes he crossed, and as he passed slowly leered at her. He was about 45, stoutly built, dark complexioned and with bristling moustaches, and wore glasses and a black velvour hat. He passed up and down at short intervals for an hour, each time ogling the waiting female, who did not respond. His object doubtless was to induce her to speak first—as, in the event of trouble arising, he could then say that she accosted him. At last, growing suspicious of a gentleman standing by and two uniformed men, he beat a retreat in a taxi-cab, in which he drove to a Paddington public-house. From there he went to a similar place at Euston, where he was joined by another man of his own type. They went together to a neighbouring music-hall, and were swallowed up in the crowd when the place emptied.

Unfortunately, his letter contains no clue to the writer. It was certainly posted in Manchester, whither he states he intended to return after the interview. As to his claim to possess a business in "the City," any respectable commercial man desiring to employ a girl would naturally ask her to call at his office. The references to Manchester are probably inserted for the purpose of laying a false trail—so that if anything occurred and the police were notified, they might search the Cotton City instead of London, where most of these hell-hounds have their kennels.

There are at present in London about 8,000 unemployed girls, many of them from the provinces, and frequently having no money and living goodness knows how. It is unnecessary to expatiate upon the terrible dangers that face them—it is up to Mr. McKenna to take immediate and vigorous steps to grapple with the evil. If his efforts fail, let us emulate the special constabulary, by forming a white cross brigade to safeguard our girls and root out the scoundrels. The law might be altered so as to bring the penalty for the murder of souls on an equality with that for the murder of bodies.

A FOXY WOLFF.

SUDDEN EXTINCTION OF A GERMAN FACTORY.

Stirred by the prevailing prejudice against German manufacturers and manufactures, the firm of Hausmann and Wolff, Manufacturers and Exporters, of 13, Bunhill Row, London, E.C., have issued, under date 21st October, the following letter, signed "Henry Wolff":—

> Gentlemen,—Owing to the numerous enquiries as to the constitution of the firm, and in order to obviate the necessity for dealing with such enquiries individually in the future, I beg to inform you that I am Sole Proprietor of the firm and that the late Mr. Hausmann died in the year 1909.
>
> As I feel adherence to the original style of the firm has led to misapprehension amongst some of my business connections, I have decided to carry on the business under the style of:—
>
> Henry Wolff & Co.
>
> Of which kindly take note.
>
> I, personally, am an American Subject by birth, and I am, and have for some years past been, a Naturalized British Subject.
>
> My only Offices, Showrooms and Factory are in London, and since the establishment of my London Factory about five years ago, I have not directly or indirectly held any interest in any Factory or concern in Germany or Austria.

Having in our possession a letter-heading of the firm dated as recently as the 24th July of the present year, we are particularly interested in the clause of the above notice in which Mr. Wolff declares: "My only Offices, Showrooms and Factory are in London, and since the establishment of my London Factory about five years ago, I have not directly or indirectly held any interest in any Factory or concern in Germany or Austria." Our peculiar interest arises from the fact that the letter-heading referred to, used for a business communication posted on the eve of the war, clearly states that the factories of Hausmann and Wolff, are at "Berlin and Halle a/s," and the address of their "Berlin House:—88, Kommandantenstr." Would it be troubling Mr. Wolff too much to kindly explain how it is that he was still advertising his Berlin factory and office address on a letter dated 24th July, 1914?

A WORD WITH KUR AND MAC.

"MORAL GUILT" AND "GROSS OFFENCE."

We are indebted to a reader for the timely reference, contained in the following letter, to page 387, Vol. 2, of the "History of the American War," by Fletcher:—

> During the war in America between North and South, a Mr. Vallandingham, whose fault was less than Messrs. Keir Hardie and Macdonald was arrested by the Federal troops. On the advice of Counsel he applied to the Judge of the Circuit Court of the United States, at Cincinnati, for a writ of *habeas corpus*. The application was argued at length and refused by the Judge, who said that the legality of the arrest depended upon the extent of the necesity for making it, and that that was to be determined by the military commander; he added, "Men should know and lay the truth to heart, that there is a course of conduct, not involving overt treason, and not therefore subject to punishment as such, which nevertheless implies moral guilt and a gross offence against the country. Those who live under the protection and enjoy the blessings of our benignant Government, must learn they cannot stab its vitals with impunity. If they cherish hatred and hostility to it and desire its subversion, let them withdraw from its jurisdiction, and seek the fellowship and protection of those with whom they are in sympathy. If they remain with us, while they are not of us, they must be subject to such a course of dealing as the great law of self-preservation prescribes and will enforce. And let them not complain if the stringent doctrine of military necessity should find them to be the legitimate subjects of its action. I have no fear that the recognition of this doctrine will lead to an arbitrary invasion of personal security or personal liberty. If there should be a mistake, such an occurrence is not to be put in competition with the preservation of the nation, and I confess I am but little moved by the eloquent appeals of those who, while theyindignantly denounce violation of personal liberty, look without horsor on a despotism as unmitigated as the world has ever witnessed."

We commend these words to the Kur and the Macdonald.

Don't forget the Pen Coupon. Page ii. of Cover.

A BURKED INQUIRY.

GRAVE CHARGE AGAINST A SOUTHEND POLICE OFFICER.

A few weeks ago an Inspector of the Southend-on-Sea constabulary had occasion to call at a house in the borough for the purpose of making a simple inquiry. He was received by the wife of the occupier, and, in consequence of something which passed at the interview, a grave complaint was subsequently addressed to the Chief Constable. We understand that the complainant and her husband waited upon this officer and furnished him with details of the charge which they wished to prefer against the Inspector. They were informed that the matter was one for the consideration of the Watch Committee, and, a day later, the complainant received the following letter:—

> Madam,—With reference to your call at my office yesterday evening, I shall be glad to know by return of post whether you persist in the charge against the Inspector referred to, and if you desire the matter to be dealt with by the Watch Committee.—I am, Madam, your obedient servant,
>
> H. M. Kerslake,
> Chief Constable.

The complaint was of a delicate nature, and the good lady would gladly have avoided further publicity, but in all the circumstances she felt it her duty to pursue the matter to a definite conclusion. Having advised the Chief Constable of her intention, she was favoured with an invitation to attend a meeting of the Watch Committee "to substantiate the allegations made" against the Inspector. At this point, however, the husband thought fit to interfere. He had not expected that, after the interview at the Chief Constable's office, his wife would be required publicly to restate her complaint, and, at first, he was unwilling to subject her to this further ordeal. His objection was finally overborne, but upon her appearance before the Committee the lady was too much embarrassed to repeat the details which she had confided to the Chief Constable and of which he had taken a full note. The reticence was not remarkable, seeing that a restatement of her grievance would have involved the public repetition of words which are unprintable. In these circumstances, we have no patience with the affectation of judicial ignorance exhibited by the Chairman of the Committee. The Committee, he said, "knew nothing about" the complaint to the Chief Constable, and unless it were there and then renewed "the matter must drop."

With due respect to the worthy Chairman, we are by no means of this opinion. The lady had already laid her complaint before a responsible officer of the Corporation, who had recorded it, presumably for reference to the Watch Committee. In these circumstances, it was only necessary to produce the Chief Constable's report for the complainant's inspection and to invite her corroboration. This obvious course would have saved the lady's feelings without the least detriment to the interests of justice. For the rest, the husband was ready with certain documentary evidence bearing upon his wife's allegations, which he ought, in common fairness, to have been allowed to produce. These statements, though by no means conclusive, were of sufficient importance to merit careful scrutiny and to justify the examination of the witnesses, neighbours of the complainant, by whom they were signed. The documents are now before us. The first runs:—

> I, the undersigned, do now declare that as I was passing the residence of Mrs. ..... at ..... on the morning of ....., I was asked by Mrs. ..... to stop and talk to her at the gate, until the Inspector had gone, and I sign this declaration knowing the same to be the truth.

The second statement reads:—

> I, the undersigned, do now declare that on the morning of ..... Mrs..... paid me a visit and complained of the conduct of a police officer. She appeared worried and agitated, and said the man had been very rude and objectionable to her.

Our sole purpose in calling attention to these statements is to emphasise the need for exhaustive inquiry. We have no desire to prejudge the issue. It is quite possible that the complainant may have been mistaken as to the intention of the Inspector. We protest, however, against the suppression of charges of this character, in the refutation of which the public, no less than the police, are deeply concerned.

ARTLESS EVE!

ATTEMPT TO PLANT PRUSSIAN PREVARICATIONS UPON US.

We have received a long typewritten effusion—posted in England and addressed to "Horatia Bottomly"—covering six sheets of foolscap, and signed by "Eve Emanuel, c.o. F. Gubener, Berlin Friedenau, Kaiser Allee 110," the gentle Eve professing a disinterested anxiety to give us "a few truths about the European War"—and assuring us that she is induced to do so "knowing what a stickler we are for the absolute truth." After this flattering introduction, she proceeds: "I have been living and I am still in Germany (Berlin) now for about half a year, and cannot just now leave here, but even if I could I would not, for I have learned to love this country that is so much better than England, and has been so good to all foreigners." We are sure that our readers will congratulate the lady upon her powers of assimilation—she has within six months acquired even the art of thinking in German, the first part of the sentence we have quoted being a masterpiece of Teutonic phraseology. We will not weary our readers with much more of the lucubrations of this woman; suffice it to say that she makes a touching appeal to us to cave in before Christmas for the sake of the poor children—"all the cheap toys as everyone knows being transported from Germany"—and gives an amusing account of alleged German victories, using as a term for "submarines" the Teutonic twister "underseaboats." She states that she encloses a copy of a volume, published in English, called the "White Book," containing "the original telegrams and notes proving how the war was forced upon Germany." The copy referred to has not yet reached us—it is, of course, the notorious concoction of the German professors and commercial magnates which was presented to every American tourist on the Continent, in the hope that it would influence opinion in the United States against us. This aim has, however—like most of the Kaiser's plans—pitiably miscarried, one of the principal causes of its failure being that it has been crushingly answered, line for line, by Mr. Douglas Sladen.

In a postscript, written by her own fair hand, Eve graciously gives us permission to publish her long letter *in extenso*, or to make extracts—"for," as she puts it, "the sake of my fellow countrymen and women." She asks us to send a copy of the issue in which it appears to "my people; address as under, 'Mrs. J. Emanuel, 88, Victoria Road, Kilburn, N.W.'"

There is no doubt whatever in our minds that the scandalous and quibbling screed emanates from the Kaiser's Official Lie Department, and that it has been posted by some spy who has come over here *via* a neutral country. In view of the communication in which Eve would appear to be with her mother, we think it would be but a reasonable precaution were the authorities to keep an eye on 88, Victoria Road, Kilburn.

THE THREE CROSSES.

"What deeds have you performed, my soldiers three,"
The War Lord asked, "the iron cross to earn?"
One answered, "I have striven valiantly,
Where'er I went, to pillage, shoot and burn;
So that my handiwork is plain to see,
My Emperor, whichever way you turn."

The second said, "No pity have I shown
To old or young, to mankind or to beast.
I fired a church and on the altar stone,
Before the Host, I slew the white-haired priest;
Which acts of mine," he added, "Sire, are known
And vouched for by a hundred, at the least."

"And I," with modest pride observed the third,
"Reply (if asked what special deed I've done
To win the iron cross, to all preferred),
I killed a child of seven who, in fun
(As, possibly, your Majesty has heard),
Had pointed at me with a wooden gun."

Ada Leonora Harris.

Free Insurance against Bombs! Be wise—fill in the Coupon every week.

"JOHN BULL'S" WEEKLY CINEMA.

BULL-DOGGEREL RHYMES BY "THE BOW-WOW."

The ancient habit of the Dutch
Was giving little, asking much:
Since war their Flemish friends has cursed,
Their earlier way has been reversed.

Unanimously we accord
A welcome to the First Sea Lord;
Beside his great intrinsic worth,
He is a man of British birth.

When war began the German Hun
Swore he would make the Russians run:
He's kept his oath in fashion grim—
The Russians run—*but after him!*

We're not surprised the Kaiser sees
The Virgin in his ecstasies;
The vision shows that Heav'n resents
The massacre of innocents.

The German snake its venom spits
World-wide, and cares not whom it hits:
Our duty, with so much at stake,
Is more than just to scotch the snake.

The Germans certain Boers egg on
To bring about rebellion;
They're now so Botha'd that you bet
They'll soon seek shelter from De Wet.

AN IRISH PATRIOT.

"PROUD TO BE BRITISH."

There is ample evidence that JOHN BULL regularly reaches the British firing line. A letter from an Irish soldier to his wife, which has been kindly lent for our perusal, opens:—

> Many thanks for your kind letter and also for JOHN BULL. . . . I was quite taken with your Bullet, and I think you are pretty sure of a prize. I hope you will be successful. Let me know if you are.

It is not till a host of personal matters are disposed of that the writer adverts to the grim work at Mons, in which he bore an active share, happily escaping unhurt:

> I suppose you heard about the battle at Mons. It was a grand affair, and it makes us very proud to be British. You should have seen how our troops behaved. You would have thought they were on manœuvres. When the enemy appeared, the order was given for the "mad minute," meaning, of course, that they were to fire the rapid practice of their musketry course. Till then our men were joking, taking things quietly and nice.

Though "proud to be British," the writer retains a full measure of national pride, and trusts that his native county of Carlow "has sent its contingent to fill up Kitchener's Army." He has wholesome contempt for those who "fight their battles in the picture shows." For himself he is quite happy though "the rain is rather uncomfortable." His division is getting "plenty of fighting."

Proud to be British! And of many a loyal son of Ireland, at this hour, Britain may well be proud.

NO STOCKINGS IN STOCK.

"BUSINESS (?) BY POST" AT BRIGHTON.

Vaughan and Heather, Ltd., of Brighton, who call themselves "Business by Post Experts," are old acquaintances of ours. We have before had occasion to rap their knuckles, and we find it again necessary to do so. Early in August last, one of our readers sent them 4s. for two pairs of black "Holeproof" stockings, as advertised. The remittance was not acknowledged, but on the 9th September came a postcard saying: "We sincerely regret the continued delay in sending your order, but we are now pleased to say that we will be despatching the hose on Tuesday next." "Tuesday next" came and went, but brought no hose, and silence ensued until 6th October, when Vaughan and Heather favoured our correspondent with a further postcard similar in terms to the above, adding that they were awaiting a consignment of hose, were doing their utmost in the matter, and would advise further. By this time, however, our informant really needed the hose, and could wait no longer. So she asked for the return of her money. This reasonable request has been ignored, and Vaughan and Heather stand 4s. in, and their disappointed client two pairs of "Holeproof" stockings out. We beg Vaughan and Heather to mend their business ways. We have some affection and regard for Brighton, and do not like to see the town's reputation injured by a firm of "Mail Order Experts" who appear more keen on grabbing the cash than delivering the goods.

"Bullets" great Xmas Offer—1,500 Turkeys and other special Xmas Prizes. See page 28.

THE RICH ENEMY WITHIN OUR GATES.

MORE INTERNMENT IMPERATIVELY NEEDED. NET THE TEUTONIC TRITONS, TOO!

By Wilmac.

(Below we print a trenchant article emphasising the necessity for more stringent supervision of wealthy alien enemies. Our contributor points out that, in view of the contemptuous disregard of treaty obligations by the German nation, it is hardly to be expected that "naturalised" Englishmen of Teutonic blood will attach much importance to the "scrap of paper" by virtue of which they became British subjects and are bound in allegiance to the King.)

Even for small mercies may we be truly thankful! Not many weeks ago, or, to be more precise, on the 8th of September, Mr. McKenna, through the Press Bureau, actually threatened an evening newspaper with legal and administrative action for publishing letters and correspondence from its readers calling for the very identical measures that he and his department are now taking against aliens.

It is, I say, something we as a nation ought to be thankful for. The Home Secretary has at last awakened to the Alien Peril, but in awakening, he seems to only partly have opened his eyes.

Net the Teutonic Tritons, Too!

Why has he interned only waiters, pork butchers, music teachers and a few of the smaller fry when there are bigger and more voracious fish to catch?

The pressure of public opinion, as voiced by the Press, and the very insistent demands of the military authorities are quite sufficient to explain this belated activity on his part. But now comes the question which we are all asking—Why has the Home Secretary withheld this activity until now?

The British public have already themselves supplied the answer to the query. The reason for Mr. McKenna's inaction up to now is the insidious influence of the many naturalised Germans in the country and in the British dominions, who control such a vast amount of our industrial capital and enterprise. They exploit our politics and dominate our finance. Small blame, indeed, to these men for using their position and influence in aiding the alien enemy. Although naturalised Britons, they are mainly, and in most cases altogether, German in sympathy. The public have a right to be angry with a British Minister who falls a victim—a simple, pliable victim—to their plausible pleadings against the safety and vital interests of our country.

Pro-Prussian Privy Councillors.

And what is an even greater surprise to all thinking Britishers is that Mr. McKenna should confine his operations against the alien enemy by tackling only humble shopkeepers, barbers and waiters, and is apparently taking no action against that far more powerful *coterie* of financiers which so successfully engineered that tremendous coup of increased gold exports which occurred the week before the war. It is evident and as clear as day that there are many newspapers in this country being substantially supported by German financiers, papers which are now protesting against a further extension of the anti-German campaign. And all this because of the influence of naturalised Germans prominent in British politics and finance. The public have very little idea of what tremendous power and influence the Teuton has in our metropolis; Germans naturalised as British subjects are members of our Privy Council; others, again, exploit our arts; naturalised Germans "rig" our stock and share markets; and a large section of our press is under Teutonic influence and subsidised by Teutonic money. Naturalised Germans control several of our industries, and are, in fact, everywhere where money and influence are to be got; and the scandal of it all is that British Ministers and Englishmen in high places have not only allowed, but encouraged, this vampire to batten in our midst. Now is the time and the opportunity when we as a nation should speak out and denounce in the bluntest fashion such dangers to our common weal. Why should such a man as Sir Felix Schuster be at the head of the British Banking community in the capacity of president of the Bankers' Clearing House? This is clearly an anomaly which should be impossible to exist. The less we say about the recruiting of our Privy Council from alien financiers the better for our own self-respect as Britishers.

A German commercial traveller, representing a German firm and selling in this country a German product, was instructed a week before the war, by his employers, to offer special discounts on all accounts owing to them for immediate cash. By this means he collected over £3,000 and remitted the same to Germany; evidently some warning was given whereby German firms were able to protect their interests.

The matter of £3,000 having escaped to Germany is only a small one, but the fact of a warning having been given is not a matter we ought to overlook. This firm's representative is not interned along with the pork butchers and waiters, but is still at liberty for two reasons—viz., he is a naturalised British subject and a valuable employee of a wealthy German firm having big financial and commercial interests in this country.

"In Times of Peace, Prepare for War."

In a North-country newspaper, of Thursday, October 22nd, there appears a description of a cement-built factory, erected on the Cheshire side of the Mersey; it has been completed for over seven years; it was given out at the time when the works were opened that 500 hands would be employed there, but after all these years not more than a dozen have ever been placed on the firm's wage books. Here is the paper's description of the works:—"The works, from an outside view, take the form of a circular fort, being entirely surrounded by a concrete wall some two or three feet thick, and about 12 to 15 feet high, strengthened by a plentiful supply of strong iron girders. It is so situated as to command both the upper and lower approaches to Liverpool docks, and is only about a mile from the Manchester Ship Canal entrance locks, which it completely dominates. If manned with one of the monster German Krupp Howitzers it would have the whole of the City of Liverpool at its mercy."

It would be a waste of time and space on my part were I to attempt to describe the various cement-built factories in strategic positions which have already been discovered in various parts of the United Kingdom—factories which have been erected in such a substantial manner as to be out of all proportion to the nature and weight of the machinery they are supposed to contain.

More "Waste Paper."

The principals and managers of these various factories are still at large, whilst the pork butcher pines for his polony in internment.

To avert suspicion it is only natural that a spy would become a naturalised British subject, and the wealthier he be the more powerful and dangerous he becomes. When the Great Arch Hun himself tears up treaties as "scraps of paper," it is unreasonable to expect all Germans in this country to hold themselves bound by their naturalisation papers.

By taking drastic measures we may cause some inconvenience to the innocent, but this must not deter us from protecting our country and our interest as British citizens.

Let us not have internment for the alien of poor and humble circumstances and show a maudlin sympathy for the wealthy and dangerous one; and that only—because he is rich.

We must call on our Home Secretary either to do his duty unhesitatingly and unflinchingly, without fear or favour, or to "Get out and get under."

Send your Football Entries now. Final Coupon this week.

WATCH THE "SENTINEL."

INSURANCE COMPANY'S RUTHLESS RULE.

The Sentinel Insurance Company, Limited, of Birmingham, issues a somewhat attractive Sickness and Accident policy, but from certain facts which have been brought to our knowledge, it appears that its "rare and refreshing fruit" is apt to turn bitter in the mouth. The weekly payments are small, but the Company's obligation is hedged round by a condition of the "heads we win, tails you lose" order, so as to deprive members of any effective guarantee for the full benefits promised. The rule is of so exceptional a nature that we reprint it *in extenso* :—

> The Company may, at any time, by notice in writing, determine this Policy as from the Sunday next following the receipt of such notice, without prejudice to the rights of the Insured in respect to prior casualty, and such notice shall be deemed sufficiently given if posted and addressed to the Insured at the within mentioned address, and shall in such case be deemed to have been received by him at the time when the same would be delivered in the ordinary course of post.

It is doubtful whether the full meaning of this rule is generally understood by applicants for membership. A Staffordshire police officer took out a policy in 1912, agreeing to contribute sixpence a week. In case of accidents, disabling him from employment, he was to receive a weekly allowance of 12s. 6d. for a period of six months, with slightly less liberal benefits in the event of disabling sickness. His premium receipt book is before us, and we find that his contributions were regularly and fully paid up to August 24th of the present year. At that date he had, upon a rough estimate, contributed three pounds to the funds of the Company. On the other hand, he had made one claim upon the funds in respect of a short illness, but it does not appear that the benefits received equalled the amount of his paid-up subscriptions. In any event, it is not the usual practice of Sick Benefit Societies to strike any such individual balance of profit and loss, and it was therefore with much surprise that our informant received the following letter from Mr. Jethro Kent, the Secretary of the Sentinel Company :—

> I am instructed by the Management to inform you that your Policy with the Company will be discontinued from Sunday next, the 30th August, 1914, in accordance with Condition 15, printed on the back of your policy.

This arbitrary edict of expulsion was in exact accordance with the rule we have quoted, and from the decision of the Management there was apparently no appeal. We learn, moreover, that early in the year another member of the Staffordshire Constabulary was treated by the same Company in a precisely similar way. Having held a policy since October, 1912, he received "notice to quit" in February last, shortly after an illness lasting only three weeks. If this is the settled policy of the Sentinel Company it is well that it should be made clear to intending members.

EXIT THE ALHAMBRA WAREHOUSE!

A SHADY GAME PLAYED OUT.

We have received a pathetic appeal from a poor Scottish widow to help her to obtain her rights from the Alhambra Warehouse, Tree Street, Bradford—a firm of conscienceless sharks, whose nefarious doings we have exposed a score of times. Attracted by one of their specious and ambiguous advertisements in a Sunday newspaper, she sent them, on the 29th June last, £1 for a bale of goods. These goods she has never received, although she has repeatedly written asking for them or the return of her money. "It is very mean of them," she says. It is worse than mean—it is blackguardly, and unfortunately the two sharks who have been running this ramp as well as the equally notorious Mills Warehouse Co., Samuel George and Co., S. G. Slade and Co., and Watson and Co., have had Receiving Orders in Bankruptcy made against them, on their own petitions. Our correspondent and other victims of the two rascals should, therefore, communicate with the Official Receiver at Bradford. It is to be hoped that the swindles referred to will not be quietly buried in the records of a civil Court.

EXPLOITING THE RELIEF FUND.

BEAUTY SPECIALISTS' BEAUTIFUL SCHEME.

The "Beautoid" Beauty Specialists, "High Class Manufacturers" of Toilet Preparations, of 101, Pimlico Road, Sloane Square, S.W., have been smitten with a slim idea. To push the sale of their "preparations" they have invoked the aid of the Prince of Wales' Fund. Let the pathetic appeal on their latest price list speak for itself :

> DEAR MADAM,—With an earnest desire to help the NATIONAL FUND which has just been opened by HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES, for the benefit of those who cannot escape the hardships and trials which are inevitable result of war (*sic*). We wish to inform you that instead of carrying out an extensive advertising campaign in the daily newspapers, we have decided to give our advertising allowance together with a percentage of our profits to the War Relief Fund for the poor and suffering.
>
> We are asking your co-operation in making this proposal an enormous success. Should you desire any further particulars we should be pleased for one of our Lady Specialists to call and demonstrate how these preparations can be used to the best advantage and give full particulars for the furtherance of the Prince of Wales' Fund; we also send fully qualified lady operators for treatments to be given at your own home.
>
> "BEAUTOID" PREPARATIONS are the very latest productions in Toilet preparations and are absolutely guaranteed by the proprietors.

Such an appeal is sure to go a great way with ladies whose care for their complexions is only exceeded by their charity. What immense satisfaction it must give them to know that, as they sit at their dainty toilet-table, rubbing into their peach-like cheeks or snowy necks the contents of a 6d. bottle of "Beautoid" Milk of Cucumber, or "Beautoid" Liquid Face Powder, they are indirectly contributing one farthing to the National Relief Fund! How their tender hearts must glow as they apply their "Application de Jennesse" (*sic*), "Beautoid" brand, at 4s. 6d. a bottle when they are at the same time increasing the Prince of Wales' grand total by the sum of sixpence! Of course, the "Beautoid" Beauty Specialists are entitled to play their own game, but—*what a game it is!*

NEW PENS FOR OLD.

A WELCOME GIFT THAT WILL TROUBLES SHIFT.

I heard one day a gentleman say that, whether he wrote a letter or note, a receipt or a bill, he used a quill. (A quill, if you please, in days like these!)

His daughters three consulted me: "Pa never observes how he's racking our nerves; can you recommend a remedy, friend?"

Of course I could——

"You're awfully good——"

"The remedy is none other than this"—(and I told them then of a wonderful pen).

"I wonder," said one, "if it could be done. It will rouse the ire of our obstinate sire to try to arrange such a radical change, but the risk's worth while." (I had to smile.) "So we'll certainly try your plan. Good-bye."

In a week or so I decided to go and see if the quill was in evidence still.

The ladies three conducted me with evident glee to the library. My plan (you will guess) had met with success; for the old-fashioned head of the family said :

"I've often seen men with a fountain pen, and laughed to think of them covered with ink—laughed and guessed that quills were best.

"But on Thursday last, after breaking fast, I certainly was surprised to see a JOHN BULL Pen in my writing den—a present, Sir, from my daughter there; and as such you will see it was up to me to show (if I could) my gratitude.

"So to please her, then, I tried the pen, and I'm bound to say that I cannot convey to you my extent of astonishment, or sheer delight, when I came to write. It pleases me so by its perfect flow, and quite as much by its exquisite touch, and (as you'll see) it's converted me.

"I must shake your hand, for I understand that you recommend this article splendid. Accept my thanks; no wonder it ranks as the popular pen with Englishmen."

Our Free Zeppelin Insurance now includes risk of damage to your house and its contents.

JUSTICE OR REVENGE?

By the Rev. A. J. Waldron, Vicar of Brixton.

(The following impressive article, by one of the foremost promoters of cordial relations between the Church and the Man-in-the-Street, is the fifth of our popular series, each by a recognised leader of thought. The articles preceding it have been "Why the Workers must fight in the War," by Ben Tillett; "Hell with the Lid Off," by A. G. Hales; "The Waking of the Middle-Classes," by Arnold White, and "At the End of the Storm," by Geo. R. Sims. The series will be continued from week to week by equally eminent writers.)

The Church, if Christian, must admit that all wars are morally wrong—that is, the courses which lead to war on one side or the other are immoral—and in this war (in which we honestly believe we have justice on our side, that we are in it with clean hands and pure consciences) every student of the writings of Nietzsche, Bernhardi, Treitschke, plus the villainous hypocrisies of the archfiend the Kaiser, can very easily see on which of the two combatant sides this is an immoral war.

Speaking on behalf of a great number of clergy and laity, we have to confess culpable blindness regarding the causes which led to the war. We did not believe in the prophetic utterances of men like Mr. Bottomley; we considered their statements the vapourings of jingoists. We were wrong; we should have known, and we cry *peccavi*. If we had known, England would have been better prepared.

Even a war of defence, although morally justifiable, is always the outcome of selfish aggression on one side.

Prayers for Peace.

We pray for peace, but I think I am right in saying we can only pray for a peace which will mean the death-knell for ever of German militarism. To pray for immediate peace and leave the Prussian system still strong enough to practise its lying diplomacy, its devilish orgies—to pursue its infernal propaganda, in which the drill-book takes the place of the Decalogue—would be an attitude of folly or of criminality.

In our prayers for peace, we must believe in a God who works through evolutionary methods, and that upward process will be marked in the future by pain and bitter self-sacrifice. In our prayers for peace, we must pray for patience, for courage and for victory, or else 'tis better not to pray at all. If we are dissemblers sometimes in our pulpits and on our platforms, let us be true men on our knees. Let us pray to the God who Matthew Arnold said "makes for righteousness."

The Church must recognise the evolution of the moral ideal, just as we recognise the evolution of the physical. Religion is progressive, the Bible is progressive. There is a long process in history between the time when men prayed "God teacheth my hands to war and my fingers to fight" and the statements of the Christ as found in the Sermon on the Mount. The glorious heroism of our soldiers can never be the best means of settling international difficulties. Nothing can compensate for Louvain, Rheims, the women and children murdered and outraged by the Huns of the Kaiser.

Brotherhood.

This war should teach all men, and especially the Church, the lesson of brotherhood; we may have departed from some of our ideals, but we are learning the lessons of brotherhood, and perhaps I may be forgiven by some ultra-theologians for saying this is the supreme meaning of religion.

"Brotherhood." What a word; it is far more important than "Mesopotamia"! There is a bond of fellowship in the British Empire which we never realised before. The class distinctions, if not broken down, are being splendidly softened. Trade Unionists and rich men are standing side by side in the same righteous cause. The stupid party distinctions have given way, and we have in a mighty leap almost accomplished the gospel of the Editor of this paper and secured a "Business Government." Good out of evil. What a cataclysm has taken place! The circle of brotherhood includes more than Anglo-Saxon; it includes the races of India, the men of mixed races of the Southern and Northern Seas. The world can never be the same again; we have shed many unnecessary trappings, and at last got down to base principles. What a chance this offers to the Church! The war has accomplished more for missionary effort than a thousand missionary societies.

The War and Theology

Just as this war will give new meaning to the word "Brotherhood," so it will give us a more rational and charitable theology. The Church Congress and other congresses have been postponed. It is impossible to discuss questions which divide the Churches and split men and women up into bitter theological sects, when such momentous issues are at stake. The Kikuyu controversy sinks into utter insignificance by the side of Mons. We are fighting for our life and for liberty, not for theoretical victories. We are fighting, too, against the brutal materialism of Bernhardi, the gospel that "might is right." We are fighting for the doctrine of the Master, that which we call "Love"—the doctrine which has been derided by these pseudo-philosophers who are the inspirers of the destroyers of art and the murderers of the innocent. In the trenches dying men have taken the sacrament from Anglican and Roman Catholic, Methodist and Presbyterian. They wanted comfort, and no chaplain stopped to ask questions amidst the thundering of the guns and the bursting of the deadly shrapnel. May the guns ring in a new age of a wider charity, a bigger God and a larger heaven!

The Church and the End of the War—Justice or Revenge?

The Church has a great task before it; it must again return to its prophetic office. We do not hate the Germans; many of us have met many Germans; we have called them friends. We must exact justice for the war, and the price, as far as it is humanly possible to pay, must be exacted to the full for heroic Belgium. The Church must guide the nation to justice and call upon its sons to abstain from revenge. It is not the people, but the devilish system that must be crushed, obliterated for ever. We seek no territory, we are not out to steal.

Let us aim that territory goes with nationality. This war must make for peace; we must again try to accomplish Castlereagh's ideal of a permanent concert. Let those who hate war, but who now feel the justice of the cause, help us when the time comes so to act that we shall be a credit to our best traditions, and come out of it with as pure a conscience as we entered. If the Church can do this, it will win the benediction of its immortal Founder.

A 10/6 gold-nibbed Fountain Pen for every reader. Coupon on page ii. of Cover.

CHILLY CHARITY.

"WHO'S TO LOOK AFTER THE GIRL?"

Considerable credit is due to Councillor R. Williamson, J.P., of Glasgow, for his trenchant and outspoken criticism of the methods employed by the Soldiers' and Sailors' Families Association in the distribution of grants to the dependents of men at the Front. Unhappily his motives do not seem to have been appreciated by the Glasgow division of the Association, and in the course of a somewhat acrimonious controversy a good many unfair things have been said. Mr. Williamson justifies his criticisms by reference to conditions lately prevailing in Glasgow. He writes:—

> Hundreds of mothers have called and told me that the Soldiers and Sailors Families' Association would do nothing for them. I have in my possession names of mothers who made repeated application for assistance and were always refused. Many of them had pawned or sold everything they had. Mothers have come to me with tears in their eyes and told me that they have given two, three and four sons to the Army, and they are now sitting in their lonely little homes without food, coal, or light.

We could match these startling disclosures from evidence in our own possession, and, as far as we know, the Association have failed to advance any valid explanation of their early neglect. The pressure upon their organisation has doubtless been severe, but it is hard to excuse the denial of claims which were repeatedly brought to their notice by responsible persons. It may be argued that the case of "wives" without marriage "lines" was in a slightly different category, the Association being precluded by the terms of its constitution from affording relief in such circumstances. To this contention there is a twofold reply. The ordinary canons of desert are inapplicable to the grave emergency of war, and common humanity might well have dictated the suspension of a rule obviously calculated to work grave hardship. Moreover, the Association were dealing with funds not of their own collection, but with money nationally subscribed in that spirit of charity which "thinketh no evil," and entrusted to them for convenience of distribution. As late as the end of September, women, formerly dependent upon a soldier or sailor for support, were subjected to every species of insult and humiliation, and finally robbed of the assistance to which they had every moral claim. From the Divisional Secretaries of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Families Association the reply to such applications came always in stereotyped form, thus:—

> I have your letter regarding yourself and children. I am afraid your application for relief is not one for this Association, and suggest you making application to the Distress Fund.

The organisers of the Municipal Distress Funds, having been taught that it was their business to deal only with distress among the civil population, were quite unprepared for appeals from the dependents of soldiers and sailors, and the result of an application in these quarters was usually something like this, signed by the Town Clerk:—

> I beg to inform you that your application for a grant cannot be entertained by the Committee.

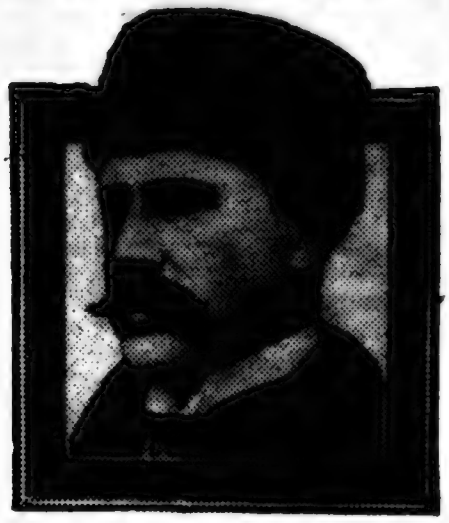
Personal application at the various offices of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Families Association evoked no more humane response. Everywhere the formula was the same: "If you cannot show your marriage lines, we can do nothing for you. Your case is one for the poor-house."

Of course, the wretched scandal could not continue indefinitely, and the War Office authorities have at length intimated their wish that women having made their homes with a soldier or sailor shall, where necessary, receive adequate relief without proof of legal marriage. Unhappily, there is reason to fear that this influential mandate has not everywhere been treated with the respect to which it is entitled. As far as Glasgow is concerned, Councillor Williamson suggests that the relief accorded to unmarried "wives" and mothers falls far short of the normal scale:—

> It was only after a hard struggle that these women received anything at all. Previous to this month (October) no one would help. Many of them have had their homes broken up. Those who have homes had to pawn everything that would pawn. The children are almost naked. Many of the women have not boots for their feet. What are the supporters of these women to think if they come back from the struggle?

What, indeed?

A MAN OF ACTION



AUBREY STANHOPE,
War Correspondent,

"Thanks to Phosferine, I was able to last out those miserable six weeks of hardships and privations, and remain in the best of health and spirits, even through my exhaustive and rigorous duties in very unhealthy places."

ENDURANCE.

This remarkable man of action declares that Phosferine established the reserve of Vital Force which enabled him to completely resist the ill-effects of the exceptionally severe hardships and privations he has experienced. Phosferine gave him the power to "pull through," to make another effort—the effort that succeeded.

THE ROYAL EXAMPLE.

Phosferine is used by the Royal Families of Europe, which is a matchless guarantee that Phosferine is commended by the highest authorities, and unfailingly fulfils its remedial purposes.

YOUR SOLDIER WILL BE THE BETTER FOR PHOSFERINE—SEND HIM SOME.

Phosferine was invented by an English chemist, and has been manufactured by the same firm in London with British capital and British staff ever since its introduction.

WHEN YOU REQUIRE THE BEST TONIC MEDICINE, SEE YOU GET

PHOSFERINE

A PROVEN REMEDY FOR

Nervous Debility	Premature Decay	Anæmia
Influenza	Mental Exhaustion	Backache
Indigestion	Loss of Appetite	Rheumatism
Sleeplessness	Lassitude	Headache
Exhaustion	Neuritis	Hysteria
Neuralgia	Faintness	Sciatica
Maternity Weakness	Brain-Fag	

Phosferine has a world-wide repute for curing disorders of the nervous system more completely and speedily, and at less cost than any other preparation.

Supplied by Royal Commands to—

The Royal Family	H.M. the Queen of Spain
H.I.M. the Empress of Russia	H.M. the late King of Greece
H.M. the King of Spain	H.M. the Queen of Roumania, etc.

The Red Cross Hospital at the Front is using Phosferine, doctors know it keeps fighting men "fit."

Proprietors and Inventors:

ASHTON & PARSONS, Ltd., Ludgate Hill, LONDON.

Sold by all Chemists, Stores, etc. The 2s. 9d. size contains nearly four times the 1s. 1½d. size.

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS.

[This page is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties, and, occasionally, Nonentities.]

To Her Royal Highness Princess Beatrice of England.

GRACIOUS PRINCESS,—In the stress of war, the bewildering complexity of Royal relationships may occasion some embarrassment to loyal subjects of the King, but in this your hour of bitter loss, no ulterior thought can rob you of the deep sympathy of the nation. In cheerfully yielding up his life for the love and honour of Britain, your gallant son has worthily followed in the footsteps of his honoured father, and manfully upheld traditions typified for him in your loyal fidelity to British ideals. You sorrow, not alone, but in the great company of those who in recent experience, or in hourly anticipation, have bowed their heads before a like affliction. In their hearts pride struggles with grief for the mastery, and in the midst of their mourning, their thoughts turn to you in loyal sympathy.

JOHN BULL.

To His Serene Highness Prince Louis of Battenberg.

YOUR HIGHNESS,—In retiring from your place at the Board of Admiralty you have shown a proper deference to the will of the nation, expressed by me on every suitable occasion during the past few years. I can well understand that, in the existing crisis, your "birth and parentage" must have become a source of uneasiness to you, and in tendering your resignation you have adopted the proper course. I ask you to believe, however, that in such references to your position as I have made, I have been inspired solely by deep regard for the welfare of my land. At the same time, I can feel some sympathy for the penalties of Royalty, and I beg you to acquit me of any harsh intent. JOHN BULL.

To the Right Hon. Earl Kitchener, Secretary of State for War.

MY LORD,—Nothing which concerns the welfare of our soldiers is beneath your notice, and I therefore venture to approach you with a practical suggestion. I understand that, at Christmas, many recruits in training will be given an opportunity to visit their homes—some of them, in all likelihood, for the last time. Is it too much to ask that they should be furnished with free passes upon the railways, or at least be permitted to travel at fares substantially reduced? Unless some such arrangement is made, many of the lads will be unable to afford the expense, and much disappointment will be occasioned. I think the proposal is worthy of your notice, and I trust you will see your way to give it practical effect. JOHN BULL.

To the Right Hon. Bonar Law, M.P., Opposition Leader.

DEAR MR. LAW,—From very excellent sources I am told that, as an experienced business man, you have rendered useful services to the country as Chairman to the Prize Cargoes Committee of the Board of Trade. My own view is that your business experience might well be utilised in more important directions. The Government are still doing nothing with regard to the formation of Business Committees to deal with the handling of Army supplies, and I am not at all satisfied that matters of that kind are going as efficiently as they should. Nobody has a shadow of a doubt that anything you could do for the good of the country would be done with your whole heart and mind and without any thought in such a crisis of seeking a Party advantage—so get at it! JOHN BULL.

To the Rev. Gavin Lang Pagan, St. George's Church, Edinburgh.

SIR,—I honour your resolution to fling aside the ministerial gown and don the uniform of the King. In the Royal Scots, I doubt not that you will employ the tools of war with all the ardour which has marked your strivings for the Faith. Your action is a fitting answer and a just rebuke to those of your cloth who have decried the patriotism of the nation and mocked the holiest aspirations of a free people. I am happy to know that your Presbytery has placed no obstacle in the way of your resolve, readily granting you leave of absence. May it be given to you to strike brave blows for Britain.

JOHN BULL.

To the Chairman of Magistrates, Bridlington, Yorks.

DEAR MAGISTRATE,—Though there is everything to be said for a vigorous "rounding-up" of alien enemies in our midst, I must tell you that in the case of an Englishwoman of your town, whose name is not before me, I am by no means convinced of the justice of your judgment. All these cases of women married to alien enemies should be considered strictly on the proved facts. What were the facts here? Technically, this woman, a native of Leeds, was a Germhun subject, by her marriage with a Germhun, and therefore she should have registered. That she did not do so was in English law an offence to which, strictly speaking, she could have no answer. Yet on broad lines of justice her answer was complete and clear. She had lived in this country all her life. She had married her Germhun husband 27 years ago, and for all that period she had lived in Bridlington. Her husband had died six years after her marriage. She had not known any of his relatives, and she had not had any communication with them or with anybody in Germhuny. So far as I can see, the police did not dispute any part of this explanation; yet what you did, after reminding her that she had made herself liable to a mulct of £100 and costs, was to fine her £5 and costs, and leave to the authorities the decision whether she should be allowed to remain in Bridlington or be ordered to an inland town. Having regard to all the circumstances, I think most English people will agree that this woman was punished beyond any necessities, or even beyond any precautions, revealed by the evidence. It is inevitable that the efforts of us all to counteract the despicable system of Germhun espionage should result in hard cases; all the same, we should deal with them in the British spirit. JOHN BULL.

To the Rev. P. H. B. Ottley, Vicar of Ilsham, Torquay, Devonshire.

REV. SIR,—With reference to what I have already said on the subject of clerical circulars sent out to defame the moral character of British troops, there is evidently a conspiracy in the Church to that end. Every day brings fresh evidence of the fact in the increasing number of scandalous vilifications of our soldiers spread broadcast from vicarages and rectories. All these circulars, addressed to mothers and householders, are almost stereotyped in their terms. The general basis of them is to warn women to stay at home if they wish to be free from molestation and assault by the troops in the district. Having spread abroad a somewhat similar abomination, I note that the resentment has been so general in your parish that it has seemed desirable to you to explain that "no insult or innuendo of any kind was intended to wound the feelings of the splendid body of soldiers now quartered among us or of the servants or girls of the parish"; that you are "grieved beyond measure" that your circular has been "misinterpreted and misunderstood," and that you have been, in fact, led astray by your anxiety to fall into line with others of your cloth. In the uniform of their King and their country the men who have responded to the call to arms have as high a respect for women as they have when out of it, and when they are out of it their respect is as high as that of other British citizens; to stigmatise them *en masse* as men of loose and unscrupulous morals is, to my mind, the most despicable opprobrium to which a clergyman can lend his authority. JOHN BULL.

To His Honour, Judge Parry, Lambeth County Court.

DEAR JUDGE,—I am glad to note that in a work lately published, you unsparingly condemn the mischievous survival of imprisonment for debt. At a time when this barbarous process is more or less in abeyance, it may be opportune to press for its entire abolition. It is, as you say, a scandal and a disgrace that since 1869 "three hundred thousand English citizens have been actually imprisoned who have not been guilty of any crime whatsoever." In this connection, another point comes to my mind. I remember that, every quarter, hundreds of perfectly honest citizens are thrown into gaol for failure to pay their municipal and parochial rates. Even in the present crisis, this cruel system, which makes poverty a crime, has not been wholly suspended. Is not this another blot upon our civic fame? JOHN BULL.

Take home a copy to-day—"Mary Bull," the best paper for the family circle.

GOING TO "POT"!

THE AUSTRO-GERMAN EAGLES (in the soup): "Come in with us, old chap! We're 'doing' splendidly!"

"THE GREATEST OF THESE —."

WE APPEAL FOR IMMEDIATE HELP FOR THE WIVES AND CHILDREN, AND OTHER DEPENDENTS OF OUR SOLDIERS AND SAILORS.

It gives us pleasure to say that—thanks to the generous response of our readers to our appeal—we have been able to grant immediate relief to the dependents of many soldiers and sailors who had been suffering acute distress, and had either been refused assistance by the local branch of the Soldiers and Sailors Families' Association or the Prince of Wales' Fund, or such assistance was being so unduly delayed as to render recourse to another agency necessary. Space prevents our giving details of all these cases, but we select the following as typical :—

We have this week been the means of facilitating the marriage by special licence of many men going to the Front, the Registrar in every case waiving his special fee, we paying stamp duty and registration charges. We sincerely hope that these couples will soon be happily re-united.

A member of the Royal Naval Reserve, engaged in the perilous task of mine-sweeping, went to sea on August 10th. His wife, up to the present time, has received only one month's allowance from the Admiralty. There are two children and a third is shortly expected. The case was brought to our notice by a well-known tradesman, who assured us that the woman is practically destitute. We have sent her £2 and given her advice which we hope will result in her getting an allowance from the Admiralty.

The wife of a clerk, who, thrown out of employment by the war, enlisted at a time when he was in debt to the extent of several pounds, finds herself in a very difficult position. Immediately her husband's back was turned, the creditors commenced to call upon her and demand payment. In her despair, she applied for assistance to the Distress Committee and the Prince of Wales' Fund, but in both cases she was refused. She has three children. We sent her £2, and hope that this will enable her to keep the wolf—and the bailiff's man—from the door until she secures her separation allowance.

A reservist, called to the colours, also left a wife and four children in debt; consequently, when the separation allowance arrived creditors were waiting for it. The S.S.F.A. advanced the woman money, which she was told must be paid back upon receipt of her next payment from the Government. Distracted, the woman appealed to us. A couple of pounds from our Fund placed her straight and rendered her happy.

A Royal Fusilier, the sole support of his mother and a young sister, aged nine, gave them an allotment of 9d. a day out of his pay—this allowance being supplemented by 5s. a week from the Prince of Wales' Fund. As these amounts are obviously inadequate, we have sent the woman £2, and have given advice as to obtaining further relief from the S.S.F.A.

A widow, whose eldest son when at home allowed her £1 a week, is left, now that he has enlisted, with three children to provide for. Before writing to us, she applied to the Prince's Fund for assistance, but failed to get it. We have sent her £2, and told her how to obtain relief from the S.S.F.A.

A private in the Middlesex Regiment, a married man with one child, before enlistment partly kept his father and mother. Since he joined the Army the old people have found it very hard to live, and have written their son confessing their difficulties. This has, of course, made him very unhappy, and he appealed to us. We have sent the old couple £2, and will endeavour to keep a friendly eye upon them.

The wife of a reservist who has been reported "missing," is in very bad health, has one child and is shortly expecting another. As she is in receipt of only 15s. a week, we have sent her £1 to see her over her coming trouble.

The mother of an able seaman who went down with the *Hogue* has some difficulty in proving that she was dependent upon her son's earnings, and the Admiralty, therefore, have not given her anything. For her immediate requirements we have sent a couple of pounds, and hope that before this is exhausted she will have obtained a grant from either the Royal Patriotic or the Prince of Wales' Fund.

A Royal Engineer should have been married in August, but was recalled to his regiment—to be wounded in the first battle of Mons. He was invalided home, went on leave, and was married on September 15th by special licence, thinking that his wife would get the separation allowance. When making application, however, he was informed that she was not entitled to it as they were not married before August 14th. As the woman is in a delicate state of health and the man wants special nourishment to aid his recovery, we have sent the couple £2.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

We have much pleasure in acknowledging the receipt of the following:—

P. A. C., £50; L. S., 5s.; "Dolphin," 2s.; "Edith and Sybil," 2s. 6d.; A. H. R., 10s.; E. A., 2s.; X. Y. Z., parcel; J. E. R., £1; W. McR., 10s.; H. F., 1s. 6d.; "Edgar and Ivy," 4s.; Mr. and Mrs. D., £1; Mrs. D., £1; "First Subscription," 4s. 6d.; W. J. L., 5s.; J. W. (Bognor), 3s. 6d.; "Railway Porter," 2s.; J. V. C., 1s.; "Ivy Mary," 3s.; W. A. W., £1; "The Employees of C. W. (Linchouse)," 18s. 9d.; "Avon," 2s.; "George," 1s.; H. A. D., 1s. 6d.; "Cigarette Money," 1s.; Anon., 1s.; F. H. D., 6d.; J. K. H., 6d.; E. L. D., 6d.; J. P. V., 6d.; Anon. (Robertsbridge), 6d.; J. B., 1s.; H. R., 2s.; "Policeman and his Mate," 3s.; W. S., 3s.; E. N., 1s.; H. P. (Co. Kerry), 10s.; L. G., 5s.; "Killum," 1s.; "Wreck," 5s.; J. W. K. (Trimdon), 10s.; C. F. W., £10; "Kathleen," 2s.; R. J., 5s.; S. P. (Ipswich), 5s.; M. D. (Bolton), 1s.; "Canadian," 50 cents; "Colin Haydn," 1s.; "Gladys," £1; E. B. B. and A. W. B., 2s. 6d.; H. V. G., 4s.; "Lancer's Wife," 1s. 6d.; "Duffryn," 2s. 6d.; H. R. D., 1s.; "Jet," 5s.; H. O'F., 1s.; H. J. (Vancouver), £1 0s. 6d.; F. J. J., 10s.; "Nobody," 1s.; "A Constant Reader," 2s.; "Bandsman," 10s.; W. S., 1s.; "Hopeful," 1s. 2d.; E. H. B., 5s.; "Beer," £1; A. S. B., 5s.; G. F., 2s. 6d.; "Taverner," 5s.; J. B. S. (Cardiff), 2s.; D. P., 2s.; "Corfu," 2s. 6d.; E. J. W., 5s.; J. E. E. (Swansea), 1s.; "Aroth," 1s. 6d.; J. A. (Hampstead), 8s. 6d.; A. McC., 2s.; K. F., 3s. 6d.; "Marcella," 2s. 6d.; "Olton," 2s.; M. L. (Edinburgh), £5; "Tom," £2; "Little Johnnie," 8s.; "Monoplane," 6d.; M.D. (Bolton), 1s.; T. A. C., 1s.; L. P., 1s.; J. R. C., 1s.; W. F. C., 6d.; C. N. (Leyton), 5s.; A. E. L., £1 4s.

What have YOU *given?*

COLLECTING BOXES.

By the kindness of many of our readers, we are enabled to add to our fund by means of collecting boxes, which they are good enough to place on their premises.

London.—Mr. A. W. Hemmings, Messrs. Armstrong and Co., 17, Goldhawk Road, Shepherd's Bush, 1s. 7d.; Mr. E. White, "Clarendon Hotel," Clarendon Road, Holland Park, 2s. 8d.; Mrs. Lyons, "King's Arms," 40, Old Kent Road, 1s. 8d.; Mr. F. E. Clarke, "The Castle," Old Kent Road, 1s.; Mr. F. Huggins, "Brunswick Arms," Stamford Street, 2s. 6d.; Mr. W. Carlton, "The Antelope," 48, Weston Street, Bermondsey, 1s. 8d.; Mr. H. Gold, 17, Thrale Road, Streatham, 1s. 8½d.; The Manager, Charing Cross Hotel, 2s. 3½d.; Mr. E. Underwood, "Bromley Arms," Fairfield Road, Bow, 2s.; Mr. J. C. Downey, Messrs. Taplow and Co., Whitehall, Leytonstone Road, 5s. 9d.; Mr. A. H. Standbrook, "Old Clay Hall," Old Ford Road, 1s. 1d.; Mr. A. Johnson, "Distillers' Arms," Hancock Road, Bromley, 1s. 6d.; Mr. E. H. Westley, "Lord Lyndhurst," Lyndhurst Road, Peckham, 1s.; Mr. P. Backer, 250, Walworth Road, 1s. 1d.; Mr. A. E. Last, 251, Elgin Avenue, Maida Vale, 1s. 3d.; Mr. J. Hume, "Dalby Tavern," Dalby Street, Kentish Town, 1s. 0½d.

We have received 5s. from "Elderly," and 4s. 6d. from E.H., for the benefit of the poor woman mentioned in our issue of October 24th, under the heading of "Her Boy."

Our Insurance Scheme—insures you, your children and your home—absolutely free.

G. R.

Your King & Country need another 100,000 MEN.

IN the present grave national emergency another 100,000 men are needed at once to rally round the Flag and add to the ranks of our New Armies.

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Age on enlistment 19 to 38. Ex-Soldiers up to 45. Minimum height 5 ft. 4 in., except for ex-soldiers and those units for which special standards are authorised. Must be medically fit. General Service for the War.

Men enlisting for the duration of the War will be able to claim their discharge, with all convenient speed, at the conclusion of the War.

PAY AT ARMY RATES.

Married men or Widowers with Children will be accepted, and if at the time of enlistment a recruit signs the necessary form, Separation Allowance under Army conditions is issuable at once to the wife and in certain circumstances to other dependents.

Pamphlet with full details from any Post Office.

HOW TO JOIN.

Men wishing to join should apply in person at any Military Barrack or at any Recruiting Office. The address of the latter can be obtained from Post Offices or Labour Exchanges.

GOD SAVE THE KING.

A HINT FROM THE HUNS.

BRITISH THOUGHTLESSNESS AND GERMAN THOROUGHNESS.

By Lord Headley.

When Herr Krupp came over to England about the *middle of last June* he was feted and treated as an honoured guest; for a fortnight or so he looked around, and was actually showed over the Dockyards and shops by our then First Sea Lord. I wonder if English people really exerted themselves to think of the possibilities of this visit which the German manufacturer of destructive engines of war led them to believe was a little pleasure trip taken for the benefit of his health? Were not we rather thoughtless to allow this astute emissary from the Vaterland within a hundred miles of any of our Naval or Military stations? Were our authorities altogether dazzled by the honour of the visit and entirely oblivious of the fact that Germany had been increasing her armaments for years past to only one end—the conquest of England? This is one instance of our unsuspecting and unsuspicious nature. How Herr Krupp must have laughed up his sleeve, and how the Germans are now laughing at our puerile efforts to squash the spy system by the internment of a small percentage of the 200,000 Germans—naturalised and non-naturalised—who must be living in the United Kingdom! With the knowledge that there are so many potential spies and enemies in our midst, one would imagine that commonsense would demand immediate provision for their accommodation in places where they would be absolutely incapable of assisting their fellow countrymen. It must be thoughtlessness on our part!

The Germans are consistently thorough, and have shown this quality for many years past during their preparations for this war. They made thorough preparations for their Belgian raiding; thorough systems of espionage were established in this country, as well as in every Continental area which came into their calculations. They proved themselves thorough in their sophistries and Machiavellian correspondence before war was declared; thorough in their disregard for the first principles of justice and honour and thorough in their barbarities. All this thoroughness will take a lot of beating. A wise man once said that genius was the "infinite capacity for taking pains," or words to that effect, and if we could only copy the enemy in the quality of "thoroughness," and leave severely alone his dishonesty and unscrupulousness, we should be much better off.

I think we might do well to take a thousand or two of the German residents—I refer to those of the higher classes and men of position and wealth—and hold them as hostages against the bomb-dropping invasion of London and our big towns. Our foes could not complain, as they have so constantly adopted the hostage system for keeping the civil populations of Belgian cities and towns quiet whilst they were looting and burning. This method is very generally objected to in this country on the ground that it savours of "retaliation," but, here again, I think we are thoughtless and are forgetting that we have an unscrupulous enemy to deal with. It is necessary to choose weapons suitable for the occasion. I don't like fighting with brick-bats, but if a man tries to hit me with one I certainly should not be over-squeamish about hitting him with a brick or a stone or anything hard and handy. There is such a thing as being afflicted with a conscience which pricks one at the wrong time—and the middle of a war with Germany is about the very worst time imaginable.

KAISER BILL.

Kaiser Bill went up the hill
To see the Germhun slaughter;
Coming down he lost his crown,
And so he damn-well oughter!

Stanley H. G. Millington.

ZEPPELIN INSURANCE.

Readers wishing to increase their insurance beyond the amount provided by our free scheme can do so at reasonable rates by applying to Messrs. Hawes, Wilson and Son, 21, Thurlow Road, London, N.W.

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SOLDIER'S FOOD.

Military experts are continually at work improving the equipment, arms and clothing of the Army.

One of the most important items for expert consideration is food—this must be of a kind that not only feeds but strengthens; increases staying powers; gives flesh, bone, and muscle enough to endure the hardships of war.

It has been proved to the satisfaction of the Government that cheese is the finest food a soldier can have—1 lb. of cheese contains three times the nutriment of 1 lb. of lean beef.

Large quantities are being supplied regularly to our soldiers, and Canada's gift of about 50,000 cheese was gladly accepted by the Government.

It is a valuable food for everyone, but some people find certain kinds indigestible.

The kind that all can eat is St. Ivel Lactic Cheese. It is easily digested, and its health-giving properties are well known.

St. Ivel Lactic Cheese, in addition to its natural food value, contains special Lactic cultures which keep the System sound and healthy by destroying harmful germs which other foods create.

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Blended with unusual care from the choicest spirits, "Iona" possesses an unequalled flavour and will come as a revelation to those who have hitherto been content with ordinary blends.

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In your own interests send a Post Card to-day for our unequalled range of Patterns cut from the actual Cloth lengths now being made up into 'Dreadnought' Coats. All the most popular and stylish Cloths are included, and you have a splendid assortment of shades and designs to choose from.

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LAYS OF A LOWLY LONDONER.

DARK DAYS.

There are dark days in the present,
  There are dark days yet to come,
When the mind is racked with anguish,
  And the palsied nerves are numb;
Though the cup is full of sorrow
  We are doomed to drain the draught,
And we, dreading of the morrow,
  Think the gods have at us laughed.

In the stark fear of the unknown
  We await the stroke of doom;
Better far the shock of knowledge
  Of the death and of the tomb,
For the heart that feels the arrow
  Of high heaven and its will
Knows more peace and knows more solace
  Than the heart that hungers still.

It may be a son or brother
  Whom his God hath beckoned back,
It may be a wife or mother
  Whose whole soul is robed in black,
Oh! the flesh is frail and tender,
  That so pitifully cowers
To the cruel blows fate deals us
  In the dark, dark days of ours.

It may be that in the trenches,
  Or upon the open field,
That some dear one for his country
  His young life was forced to yield.
It may be that, after waiting
  Weary weeks and weeks in vain,
Yet the only message coming
  Is his name among the slain.

It may be King Death has found him
  In the silence of the sea,
When the iron keels were slipping
  Through the night in secrecy;
Or the venomous torpedo,
  Hissing swiftly through the wave,
Hath in one brief, lurid moment
  Called him to a sailor's grave.

These may be your woes, O people!
  But, if you have lost a son,
Then have we too lost a brother,
  For the whole land now is one;
One great family is Britain,
  You must bear no grief apart,
There is love and there is comfort
  For you in the nation's heart.
Let us keep together daily,
  And as days lapse into weeks,
There shall be one issue only
  A united country seeks;
When we give our dearly-loved ones
  To the dreadful toll of war,
Let us, gathering together,
  Hold the faith they perished for.

And, though ominious the message
  That may speed across the seas,
Though the foe may seem to triumph
  In such dang'rous days as these,
Though one day, maybe, disaster
  Is the word the cables spell,
Even dark days have their morrow,
  And the bright days come as well!

Oh! the bright, bright day is coming,
  This is but one hour of night;
And the day-dawn of the future
  Is fast leaping into light;
Grief will be a holy mem'ry
  When we close the page of war,
And the new-born day that's breaking
  Is a day worth fighting for!

—RICARDO.

The Ancient Britons must have suffered a great deal through not having "ERASMIC"
KLENE Shaves for 1 Rappit Stan
"ERASMIC"
SHAVING STICK.
10d. in Nickel Case
ERASMIC WARRINGTON.

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CONQUERED IN 3 DAYS.

I offer a genuine guaranteed Remedy for tobacco or snuff habit, in 72 hours. It is mild, pleasant, strengthening. Overcomes that peculiar nervousness and craving for cigarettes, cigars, pipes, chewing tobacco, or snuff; they are poisonous and seriously injurious to health, causing such disorders as nervous dyspepsia, sleeplessness, gas belching, gnawing or other uncomfortable sensation in stomach; constipation, headache, weak eyes, loss of vigour, red spots on skin, throat irritation, asthma, bronchitis, heart failure, lung trouble, catarrh, melancholy, neurasthenia, impotency, loss of memory and will-power, impure (poisoned) blood, rheumatism, lumbago, sciatica, neuritis, heartburn, torpid liver, loss of appetite, bad teeth, foul breath, enervation, lassitude, lack of ambition, falling out of hair, baldness, and many other disorders. It is unsafe and torturing to attempt to cure yourself of tobacco or snuff habit by merely stopping—don't do it. The gentle, safe, agreeable way is to eliminate the nicotine poison from the system, strengthen the weakened, irritated membranes and nerves and genuinely overcome the craving.

STOP RUINING YOUR LIFE

You can give up tobacco and enjoy yourself a thousand times better while feeling always in robust health. My FREE book tells all about the wonderful 3 days' method. Inexpensive, reliable.

SECRET FREE. Also Secret Method for conquering habit in another without his knowledge. Full particulars, including my book on Tobacco and Snuff Habit sent in plain wrapper Free. Don't delay. Keep this: show it to others. This advertisement may not appear again. Address:—

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How to get rid of your GREY HAIR

A Simple, Sure, Harmless Treatment which can be used at Home with Certain Success. Age no obstacle.

FREE GREAT DISTRIBUTION OF 10,000 SPECIAL TRIAL BOTTLES.

I AM A WOMAN who belongs to a prematurely grey-haired family. My father was grey before he was 30, and two of my brothers as well as my sister became grey early in life. Before the age of 25 I developed grey hairs, which became quite embarrassing to me—socially and also in business. **I LOST THREE GOOD POSITIONS** for no other reasons than my fading hair. The greyness increased with alarming rapidity, and at 28 **I LOOKED LIKE A WOMAN OF 45.** One day I was seriously thinking of buying one of the many Grey Hair Restorers that are extensively advertised, when I casually mentioned this subject to an acquaintance—a scientific man, and as I afterwards learnt a great student of the Chemistry of the Hair. He strongly advised me to have nothing whatever to do with these concoctions. He pointed out that **SUCH PREPARATIONS EVENTUALLY RUINED THE HAIR,** and in the meantime, rarely deceived—even the casual observer. He suggested that I try a formula that he had perfected after a considerable time which by a certain chemical action on the pigmentary colouring cells restored the hair to its natural colour. In reply to my enquiries he assured me that the formula was not only absolutely harmless, but would develop **A STRONG AND BEAUTIFUL GROWTH OF HAIR.** My friend wrote out his prescription, which I had made up, and after following the instructions for a few days I was surprised and delighted to find my hair becoming richer and darker in tone. The re-colouring process continued until after some few weeks my hair actually once again possessed the natural shade of my girlish days. Since then **I HAVE BEEN INUNDATED WITH ENQUIRIES** from friends and also persons unknown to me, who came to hear of this wonderful preparation. Having become convinced that I have found **A REMEDY OF EXTRAORDINARY MERIT,** and which is quite harmless, I have resolved to offer it for sale, as I am certain from my own experience that it will prove an inestimable boon to any man or woman who finds Grey Hair to be the same serious handicap it was to me. It is a Guaranteed Genuine Preparation and **I OFFER A REWARD OF £100** if I cannot prove it will Re-colour Grey Hair to Original Natural Shade.

I have put on one side 10,000 SPECIAL TRIAL BOTTLES which I shall distribute, free of charge, to the readers of this paper while the supply lasts. **FREE**

Simply write your name and address plainly, and enclose Two stamps for postage, etc., and I will send you the SPECIAL TRIAL BOTTLE in a plain sealed cover.—Address: Mrs. MARY K. CHAPMAN (Suite 455), 1, Montague Street, Regent Street, London, W.

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MODEL No. 2.

HEARD IN THE TRAIN.

THE SETTLEMENT.

WORKING MAN (*slightly "fresh"*): Look at them fine young fellers goin' orf. Keen as mustard ter fight fur their country. 'Eartbreakin', I call it.

CADBURYITE (*armed with "Daily News"*): Yes; it is very sad. Our splendid young manhood being offered up as a sacrifice to the moloch Militarism!

WORKING MAN: I don't know 'oo Mister Mowlock is wen 'e's at 'ome, so it's nooz ter me that our young chaps is bein' *h*offered up as a sacrifice to 'im. I thort they wos *h*offerin' themselves fur their country?

CADBURYITE: Quite so. So they are. But it is the spirit of militarism that has made it necessary.

WORKING MAN: Not it! It's the spirit of peace at any bloomin' price wot's done it. It's the psalm-smitin' an' Bible-punchin' 'umbugs wot couldn't, or wouldn't, see through the Kayser's game yers ago wot's responsible. Thet's w'y I say it's 'eartbreakin' ter see our fine young chaps goin' orf ter fight, w'ile them wot's responsible sit safe at 'ome tellin' 'em ter be good, an' not drink too much rum w'en they're in the trenches.

CADBURYITE (*smiling sarcastically*): So you think it heartbreaking to see young men marching away to fight for their country?

WORKING MAN: Steady, mister! Don' chew be in sich a hurry ter pick me up. I never sed thet. I'd be orf meself if I wos ten years younger, jest fur the fun an' ther sport. I never sed it wos 'eartbreakin' ter see a youngster marchin' orf ter fight fur 'is country. But I say it's 'eartbreakin' ter think 'e's doin' it fur nuthink.

CADBURYITE: He gets his pay.

WORKING MAN: I know thet. I'm not thinkin 'erbart thet. Wot I mean is, there won't be no good come of orf 'is fightin'.

CADBURYITE: No good! The result, at any rate, will be to make such wars as this impossible again.

WORKING MAN: Don' chew berlieve it. I knows better. W'en the wore's over an' the Kayser's beat, the bloomin' peace-at-any-price party'll bob their ugly dials up agin an' snatch the froots o' vict'ry outer *hour* 'ands. I know the breed.

CADBURYITE: We are not fighting for any material gain, if that is what you mean.

WORKING MAN: There yer go! Startin' orlready! I told yer I could see wot it's goin' ter be. W'en the wore's over d'yer think there'll be a proper settlement? Not it! D'yer think we shell be allard ter take over or sink ther German fleet? Not *h*us! Mister bloomin' Love-Yer-Enemies 'll say: "Nar then, none o' thet. You musn't 'umiliate *h*our friend the enemy like thet. We'll make 'im promise not ter use it, but we'll let 'im keep 'is fleet." D'yer think we'll be allard ter keep enny of ther German colonies we've capchered? Not *h*us! Mister Bloomin' Turn-the-Uvver-Cheek 'll say: "It carn't be did. We must leave *h*our brother Germ room fur expansion. We musn't 'umiliate 'im by takin' 'is colonies away." D'yer think we'll be allard ter exile the bloody Kayser? Not *h*us. Mister Brotherly-Love-Continue 'll say: "Leave 'im be. 'E acted accordin' to 'is lights. We mustn't 'umilitate 'im too much. 'E might feel 'urt." So 'e'll be allard to stop w'ere 'e is an' work anuvver plot against England. Thet's w'y I say it's 'eartbreakin' ter see *h*our fine young chaps marchin' orf ter fight fur—*nuthink!*

CADBURYITE: You are evidently one of those who would crush the German nation out of existence.

WORKING MAN: Yuss! I am! An' I'm not ershamed of it, arter wot they've done. I don't mean I'd 'urt the German people, but I'd break up the German *H*empire, commandeer their fleet, smash up Krupp's works, neutralise the Kiel Canal, and—*'ang the Kayser!* But do I think we shell? Not much! There's too many cantin' 'umbugs loose in this country fur us to 'ave a proper settlement. We shell 'ave the froots o' vict'ry snatched outer *h*our 'an's, as shore as I'm a-gittin' art 'ere.

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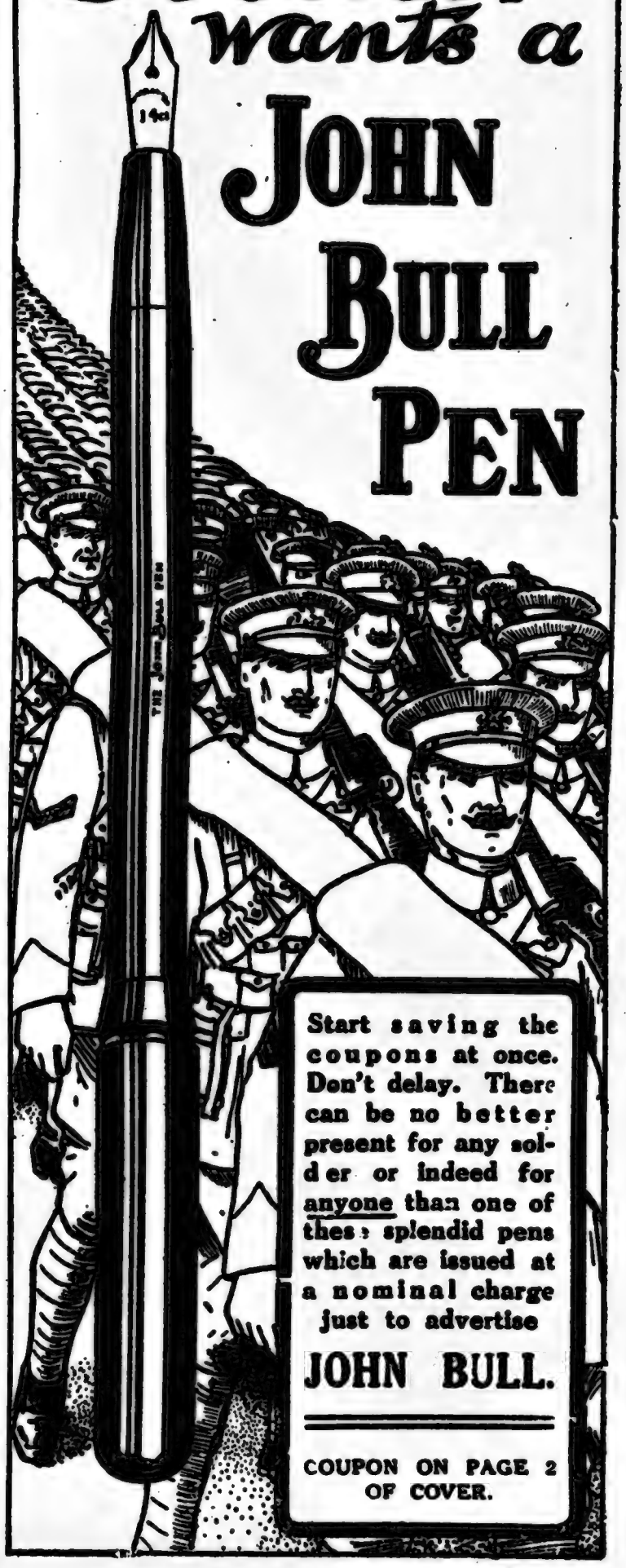

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"John Bull's" Letter Bag.

[The EDITOR replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.]

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Will readers, when forwarding cuttings from newspapers, take care that in each case a sufficient portion is sent to identify the name of the paper and the date of issue?

AUTHORS and ARTISTS *submitting MSS. and drawings for consideration must write name and address upon the back of their work. The Editor cannot accept any responsibility for the safe custody of MSS., etc., so forwarded, but will endeavour to return unaccepted work* WHEN STAMPED, ADDRESSED ENVELOPE IS ATTACHED TO THE MANUSCRIPT.

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., *as, though every effort is made for their safe custody, they are liable to be mislaid. Copies only of such documents should be forwarded in the first instance.*

LETTERS *must be addressed to the Editor or the Publisher, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters.* FINANCIAL, INSURANCE, LEGAL *and* SPORTING *inquiries should be addressed to the Financial, Insurance, Legal or Sporting Editor, and, except in the case of the last named, must each be accompanied by a postal order for a shilling. All communications should be directed to* 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

GENERAL.

R. S. (Brick Lane).—Sorry, but blood is thicker than water. It was the German residents who sold Antwerp.

T. C. (Motherwell).—The non-arrival of letters and parcels for relatives and friends at the front may be due to the special circumstances of the struggle, to defects of the military post office, or to the neglect of senders to obey instructions. We have received hundreds of complaints like yours.

E. H. L. (Wilts.).—Many thanks for the pretty flowers, which arrived quite fresh.

A. W. B. (Finsbury Park), a landlord, thinks we have "heard quite enough of Food before Rent." But even a landlord can't eat rent, can he?

G. H. K. (Middlesbrough).—The country is now thoroughly aroused to the German spy peril, and, as you will see, we are also making a noise.

REV. J. B. (Carlisle).—We must confess that we sometimes hit you parsons hard, but your assurance that "generally you deserve it" comforts us exceedingly, as also does your opinion that we "never hit below the belt, and are never rancorous or coarse." Even the Church, you see, is on our side!

"ANON."—Many thanks for the contributions towards our Jumble Sale.

R. McG. (Blackpool).—The military authorities may have good and sufficient reason for pressing for the earlier closing of public houses in some districts, but so far as the civil population are concerned, it appears to us to result in heavier drinking. The bottle is coming into requisition again—the worst form of alcoholic indulgence.

DAN McG. (Largo) must fancy the mantle of Rabbie Burns has fallen upon him. He writes: "Horatio was an Atheist bold, And to the devil his soul he sold, But now since he is getting old, A saint is he; Each week of God he'll rant and sing—God 'takes his stock,' God 'saves his King,' God 'grinds his mill,' God's everything To Bottomlee. For heaven's sake, Horatio, Stick to O'Brien, Ahearn, and Co. These are *your* Gods—they pay you know, Horatio." Not bad in style, but somewhat lacking in generosity and truth.

"WORKMAN'S WIFE" (Annerley).—"The thought occurs to me that, once the Germans are in Ostend, what is to prevent them making a tunnel under the sea?" Us.

F. H. (Bedford Park) would like to know "the number of men of foreign extraction who occupy positions on our newspapers, and also the nationality of the proprietors and boards of directors where they are Companies." So should we.

J. B. (Hampstead).—A man who can write as you do about the Belgian refugees is unworthy of notice.

"FRERAY" (Felixstowe) has it on "unimpeachable authority" that "a baker is employing a poor, weak man for ungodly hours to bake bread for the Army." If true, shame upon him.

J. J. D.—So you think God is punishing the Belgians for the atrocities perpetrated in the Congo years ago—by permitting the Germans to perpetrate like atrocities upon them! We are sorry for your conception of God. Were the Congo cruelties committed by innocent Belgian women and children? And what about the pleasantries of Dr. Peters?

E. A. (Birmingham).—re the Berlin Butcher, your assurance that "I for one would willingly stab him with a dagger or shoot him with a revolver" is hereby accepted. What about giving him a pension and a suite of rooms in Hampton Court Palace for preference?

F. B. (Huddersfield) hears "on reliable authority, that some of the frequenters of the *cafes* in Lord Street, Liverpool, have remarked that they don't want any filthy dirty British soldiers in Southport." Probably they would prefer filthy dirty German Uhlans.

E. P. (Newport, Mon.).—Has it been brought to our notice that some English people are exploiting Belgium refugee women by engaging them as servants at about half the wages paid to English women? It has.

F. I. L. (Manchester) says our indictment of Keir Hardie and Ramsay Macdonald as traitors is the finest thing he has read. It is also the finest thing he has said.

L. R. (Cawnpore, India).—Last May you sent Slade and Co., 144, Otley Road, Bradford, £1, and ordered them to send one of their bales to a friend in England, who up to date has not received the bale. As you will see from the article on another page, there is now little prospect of his getting it.

C. A. (London, N.) is anxious because he says that, according to the press, Prince Henry of Prussia visited Messrs. Bryant and May's match factory while on a visit to London. He was doubtless seeking the light.

"PERSPECTIVE" (Edinburgh).—Inform the police. They will treat your letter in confidence.

H. D. (Whitechapel) tells us that the "claims superintendent" of one of the big traction companies is J. Schmidt, and wonders what is his nationality. Possibly Scotch.

MISS F. (Eastwood).—You certainly showed spirit in refusing to wait on your mistress's German maid.

"EAGER" (Parkestone) wishes to know whether the Kaiser is an undersized man with a withered arm, or an inspiring monarch of giant proportions. He is a stocky little man, and said to be a cretin; that is, a subject of defective mentality associated with bodily deformity.

W. E. H. (Leeds).—"1st passenger: We ought to have busted the Germun fleet years ago. 2nd passenger: I dunno as it matters now as we've got 'em all bottled up in the Jargonelles." *Gehen Sie fort!*

W. H. G. (Shaftesbury Estate), who is 80 years old, a constant reader of JOHN BULL, and writes a wonderful letter, has sent 100 copies of us to the 2nd London Hospital for Sick and Wounded. "I shall continue to read 'J.B.,'" says he, "as long as I remain." May he remain as long as he wants, and God bless him.

C. G. (Kirkwall).—If you will kindly send to our Publisher your address, and the address of your newsagent, every attention will be given to the matter.

J. G. H. (of Chobham, Surrey), who disappeared on July 6th, after having a wash and brush-up at Brighton, is urgently requested to communicate with his friends at Chobham or Dorking.

A. S. J. (Tufnell Park, N.).—We admit that the Special Constabulary is not a perfect force, but cannot agree that it is "a perfect farce." Why should not you salute your pork butcher if for the time being he is your superior officer? He has to salute you when you drop in to buy a string of sausages.

W. T. AND A. R. (Thrapston).—No German, naturalised British subject or not, should be allowed in or near our coal mines during the present crisis. Nor should British workmen be victimised for reminding a German mine-manager that, although naturalised, he is a German still.

W. M. (Cleveland, U.S.A.) suggests that "Gunboat" Smith should be re-named "Goeben" Smith. We have no objection.

T. Y. Q. A. (Devon).—As already stated, it is impossible for us to investigate the pedigree of private firms. Your postal order for a shilling—in the absence of name and address for its return—has been handed over to our War Fund.

"N. PORTADOWN" (Belfast).—Certainly, "Lord Kitchener is actually a member of the Government," but he has declared that he will only hold the position during the period of the war. The Business Government may have something to say about that, however.

"A SUTTONIAN" and OTHERS.—Our Jumble Sale arrangements are proceeding, but it is a big undertaking.

J. H. E. (Wallingford).—We are afraid your little joke is too remote for these anxious times.

G. C. A. (Clapham).—Hats off to the Rev. A. J. Waldron for his plucky attack upon the C.O.S.!

"FRANKUS" (Muswell Hill).—We quite agree that the attitude towards recruiting of Mr. Hearst, the New York newspaper man, requires illumination.

Are you trying for a "Bullets" Turkey? Another 250 to be won this week.

"EDINA" (Southport).—We cannot trace receiving the donation you sent to our Fund, and absence of your name and address naturally impedes the necessary inquiries.

R. H. (late of Bolton) is begged to communicate with his parents at the old address.

A H. H. (lately of Walworth), who is supposed to have joined the Army, is urgently requested to communicate with his wife at the old address.

W. D. (Putney).—We published "Meinzelf und Gott" a couple of months ago.

"BRADLEYS," wholesale and retail tailors, with many branches in the provinces, write asking us to make it clear that they are in no way connected with the firm of Bradleys, Ltd., of Chepstow Place, London, to whom we referred in our issue of October 24th, in the article entitled "Tainted Gifts." We have pleasure in publishing this disclaimer.

"JOHNSTONE."—If you entered into the contract with the Correspondence School since the war, the moratorium will not protect you. You are legally bound to pay, but if your circumstances justify it, the County Court judge might let you off with a small monthly order.

"OCCASIONAL READER."—We do not blame certain Jews, cursed with German names but hating German practices, desiring to change their designations, but why should they select honoured British titles? It would be better to go to the Hebrew for fresh cognomens.

"SECRETARY" (St. Pancras, N.W.).—We are glad to learn that the Working Men's College is continuing its activities during the war. Are the students instructed in the principles of Business Government? That, if anything, would "enable them to be better citizens when peace comes again."

J. M. (Co. Donegal).—Thanks for further interesting information respecting H. G. Gibson and Co., Debt Collectors, of Belfast. We have made the necessary additions to the *dossier*.

F. M. G. (Rhyl).—The forts and *Dreadnought* which your little daughter and the "Arcadians" constructed on the sands, and by means of which £10 was collected for the National Relief Fund, must have been very interesting objects, and the local "Authorities" who ordered their demolition must be very interesting objects also. Old women with whiskers, we presume.

F. V. (London, S.E.).—It is news to us that manual labour is so scarce owing to the war that it has become necessary to advertise for women carpenters and joiners, blacksmiths, painters, &c., as was done in the *Daily Telegraph* recently. It looks to us more like an attempt to exploit cheap female labour under the guise of necessity.

R. E. E. (Liverpool).—Since writing, you have doubtless seen Lyons' published declaration that they now have no Germans or Austrians in their employ.

E. G. T. (Arundel).—We note that our old friend John Edge, of Ellesmere, whom we re-christened the "Shropshire Swindler," has reduced the price of his marvellous money-making system from 3s. 6d. to 2s. 6d., and at last to 1s. But whereas the first two sums purchased information worth only 18s. a week, the nimble shilling buys a secret worth 36s. weekly. His name entitles him to be keen, but we think John Edge is now showing himself to be over sharp.

L. P.—Afraid that the adoption of children is hardly in our line. *Mary* may, however, know of "a nice class Home or Nursing Institution in London," where you can place your baby of three months old for a time on moderate terms. Your postal order for a shilling has been placed to our War Relief Fund, as you gave us no address for its return.

J. W. T. (Deptford, S.E.).—We admire Mrs. Drapper's firm stand before the Deptford Board of Guardians, and we daresay she was about right when she characterised some of them as "things on two legs, calling themselves men," considering that they do not appear to have justified the small amount of relief (3s. 6d. and 2s. 6d. in kind), granted to a poor woman whose hard circumstances had excited the special interest of the Deptford Mayoral Distress Committee.

A. C. (Clapham) declares that the world is his country, and "to do good" is his religion. We recommend him to narrow his patriotism, and try to do a bit of good for the country of his birth, Belgium.

J. McM. (London Hospital) protests against our wounded soldiers being pestered with lugubrious tracts by sanctimonious busybodies and the unco guid who think nobody saved but themselves. Quite right. Our suffering, brave defenders want cheering up, not threats of hell fire.

F. J. (Blyth).—We should like to know why Navy men were debarred from the privilege of free travelling, which was extended by the Liverpool Tram Company to all Army men. Why these invidious distinctions?

MRS. M. (Chippenham).—It is hereby noted that you gave him a bit of your mind in an unsealed and unstamped envelope. What if he refused delivery of the bit?

A. B. S. (?).—"Owing to a rather heated argument about whether steam is visible or invisible we have decided to go by your decision." Go.

"REGULAR READER" (Dublin).—If you can see any resemblance between the unfortunate and regrettable shooting at Bachelor's Walk and the hideous, cold-blooded massacres, violations, burnings and looting perpetrated by the German troops in Belgium, you must have a kink in your brain, and the sooner you get it straightened out the better for you.

J. H. C. (Wednesbury) is of the opinion that German "Kultur" has proved to be "haughty culture"—and naughty culture, may we add?

W. H. (Edinburgh) points out that although the organisation of the Army Veterinary Department has been brought thoroughly up-to-date, veterinary humane societies might have done good work in conjunction therewith. Having a soft spot in our heart for the gees, we agree.

"IRISH GIRL" (Belfast), referring to the recruiting in Ireland, says: "Leave some of our loved ones at home, for no one can love like the Irish." We have long suspected that we have some Irish blood in our veins.

W. S. (Manchester).—Don't see why you should begrudge Henry Chaplin his pension. He *has* worked for his country. What we are up against are the pensions paid to petty German royalties.

R. A. (Southport).—Sorry to hear that you don't think we "have done right" in adding to our War Fund the shilling you sent with a recent inquiry. As we stated, this was done owing to your failing to put your name and address on your letter, so that we could return the amount. Even now, you give merely the meagre description which heads this paragraph!

"DALE" (Dumfries).—You are one of the lucky ones—your circumstances seem to have conspired to make it easy for you to gratify your patriotic desire, and enlist. So our advice is "Roll up!"

MISS I. W. (Sunderland).—Lord Kitchener was born at Ballylongford, Co. Kerry, Ireland, in 1850, and is a bachelor. We believe he is not engaged—but don't worry him just now. His present job requires all his attention. He is wedded to it.

W. G. (Blackley).—We have heard from many sources the tale of the Kaiser's unsuccessful attempt to walk on the water, and consequent disbelief in the miracle recorded in the New Testament. He will try his hand next at miraculously feeding his people with the Scriptural number of loaves and fishes.

E. C. (Edgbaston).—Because, twenty years ago, a soldier deceived you, you cannot join in the general chorus of praise of the British soldier! That is weak. You must not let the vices of one blind you to the virtues of many.

H. E. (H.M.S. *Dreadnought*).—We make it a rule to post a marked copy of JOHN BULL to each person to whom we address a "Candid Communication." Do we think anything serious would happen if JOHN BULL was "discontinued till the conclusion of the war"? Why, yes. Can you imagine anything much more serious than the cessation of JOHN BULL?

C. H. T. (Cheltenham).—A war tax levied at once on income would, in our opinion, give Germany the opposite impression to that you imagine. It would suggest that our Treasury chest was already running dry.

G. W. H. (Bradford).—If you think £62 each was not too much for the Government to pay the Liverpool Corporation for 178 draught horses, we accept your valuation and have pleasure in withdrawing the expression "thundering inexactitudinarian," which, of course, was only used in the Pickwickian sense.

R. F. (Aberdeen).—You are entirely justified in your suspicion that the appeal issued by "Bishop" McLaglen on behalf of the Denmark Street Free Soup Kitchen is "too holy to be all right." Read "The Bogus Bishop's Bunkum" in our issue of October 31st.

"ONE OF THEM" (Aldershot).—We agree with you that the expression "common soldier," used innocently enough by many persons to distinguish the ranker from the officer, should be avoided because of its ambiguity.

MISS C. (Deptford).—"If the Kaiser thought a scrap of paper of no use, why did he take Rheims?" But it is pronounced "Rance."

"PATRIOT" (Leeds).—"Why are the recruits billeted at this hotel supplied with razors 'Made in Germany'?" To cut up the Germans, likely. All the same, it is a scandal—which we have already exposed.

E. B. (Willesden).—Don't know; but German firms which have changed their names to British ones are legally compelled to change them back again.

W. S. (Finsbury).—One of your questions: "Is it not possible to build Zeppelins under the earth in specially prepared tunnels?" Everything is possible, if it isn't probable.

Free Insurance against Bombs! Be wise—fill in the Coupon every week.

"JOHN BULL'S" VARIETY TURNS.

BRITANNIA'S SONG.

(Silently sung by every copper coin of the realm to-day.)

I am only just a symbol
  To purblind humanity,
Seated on some hidden object,
  Gazing calmly o'er the sea,
Where no lighthouse cheers the darkness,
  And where gleams no passing sail—
So you spin me and you toss me,
  And you call my image "tail!"

I am only just a symbol
  To unresponsive hearts,
Who find my figure useful
  As they chaffer in the marts;
Only on the humbler coins
  Is my steadfast image shown—
But my spirit is the spirit
  Bred in British blood and bone!

To my broad and sheltering bosom
  The Oppressor's victims flee,
And the children of the fallen
  Creep for succour to my knee;
But although with deep compassion
  My woman's breast may swell,
I've an eye to flash defiance
  And an arm to strike as well!

On my head I wear a helmet,
  But would deem it a disgrace
To let my visor fall, for I
  Meet foemen face to face;
The broad shield that rests beside me
  Scorns the foe's most fierce attack,
By virtue of its proud device—
  The British Union Jack!

In my hand I hold the Trident
  In an unrelaxing grip,
As a sign that ocean rule from out
  My grasp will never slip!
And I'm seated, calm and watchful,
  By the margin of the sea,
Which guards my Empire from its foes
  And keeps my children free!

I am mighty in my stature,
  And I'm haughty in my mien,
As the symbol of an Empire
  Greater than the world has seen!
But to all who call me mother,
  And to all I whisper "Child!"
(Be they black, or blonde, or dusky),
  I am gentle and I'm mild.

I am generous in friendship,
  I am terrible in wrath,
I am constant in my kinship
  With my cousins west and north;
I am honest with my neighbours,
  To my treaties I am true—
But when tyrants strike at freedom
  I am mighty to subdue!

But I sometimes see with anguish
  That the children I have borne
Treat the heritage I've won them
  With indifference and scorn;
In the squabblings of "party"
  Higher duties they ignore,
But the day is fast approaching
  When that shame will be no more.

It is true I am a symbol,
  But I'm something more beside—
I'm the Spirit of the Nation,
  Which 'tis dangerous to deride;
I'm the Spirit of the British,
  Who are destined to prevail—
Though you spin me and you toss me,
  And you call my image "tail!"

Printer's Pie.

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published in this column. Should more than one competitor call attention to the same slip, the amount will be forwarded to the sender of the first letter opened. In the case of newspaper cuttings, sufficient must be forwarded to identify the name of the journal and date of issue. Envelopes to be marked "Pie" in the left-hand top corner.)

"Evening News" (letter):—
"A million refugees: . . . . . Out of the black horrors of Antwerp these three hundred thousand people came. . . . . Dying in hundreds by the way, the inhabitants of Antwerp and its villages . . . . flung themselves, a million people, on the pity and mercy of Holland. . . . She took the whole of these three hundred thousand stricken creatures to her heart."

"Irish Independent":—
"Germans mowed down—French marines' big feet."

"Evening Telegraph and Post" (Dundee):—
"Appeal to bury dead and wounded is refused by the Allies."

"Daily Dispatch":—
"We were able to silence gun after gun (ten in all) of theirs until we had actually reduced their dozen weapons to level odds—one against our one."

"Dublin Evening Mail":—
"A Vienna telegram claims that there are now no Austrians left in Hungary."

"Evening Express" (Liverpool):—
"'There was a barrier of dead Germans ahead of us,' he said, 'but their officers forced them to come on at us. Some of them looked pale and worn and hardly able to stagger towards us.'"

"Sussex Daily News (advt.):—
"——s Potted Meats, ——'s Sausages. Thousands enjoy them daily. W. J. Morton, Secretary, Offices and out-patients' Dept., 7, Fitzroy Square, London, W."

"Daily News and Leader":—
"I was hours and hours . . . . bringing up new men singly, two or three at a time."

"Leith Observer":—
"An orange tree will sometimes produce more than 2,000 lemons."

"Northern Scot" (Elgin) advertisement:—
Middle-aged respectable woman to milk and attend two men."

"Football Daily Post" (Swansea) advt.:—
"Notice of removal—Russell Davies & Sons have not removed to new and commodious premises."

"Waterford Standard":—
"As usual our annual excursion on Whit-Monday was not held this year."

Bull's Eyes.

Notes of Interrogation:—
Aren't the Germ-huns finding it rather "warm" on the coast?
Won't the Boer rebels be sorry they "raised a Botha"?
Why not try "Kiel-hauling" to overcome the coyness of the German Navy?
Are Louvain and Rheims to be reckoned among the Kaiser's war "spoils"?
Don't most of the Boers know enough to keep away from "De Wet"?
Isn't Germany finding England's "drill" a distinct "bore"?
Won't alien spies have to "look out" for themselves now?
Is the Kaiser quite satisfied with his "heirship"?
Is it true that George Edwardes still has a liking for German "plots"?
Does a darkened city mean that the ratepayer's bill will really be a "light" one?
Does it matter what our soldiers are clothed in if the man is made of the right stuff?
Isn't the Kaiser presenting a "cross" to every one of his subjects?
Would it be correct to describe King Alfonso as a "fresh-heir" fiend?

Our Zeppelin Insurance is absolutely free. Simply fill in the Coupon.

FOOTBALL SKILL CONTEST. FINAL COUPON.

HOME AND AWAY WINS AND DRAWS.

NOTHING TO PAY.

£1,000

FOR ALL-CORRECT COUPON.

£125 MUST BE WON.

The final coupon in the present contest appears this week. Now is your opportunity of winning a fortune by your football skill. Send your entries at once. £1,000 will be paid for an all-correct coupon. In any event £125 must be won, including a special and extra prize of £25 for a *Mary Bull* Mauve coupon. The competition is quite free and you can send as many coupons as you like. Scottish readers can participate.

WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO

is to forecast the results of the League games, to be played on Saturday, November 14th, given on the entrance form on page 2 of our cover. Note the special method of marking your forecasts, as explained on the coupon.

£1,000 FOR ALL-CORRECT COUPON.

The sum of £1,000 will be paid to the competitor sending in an entrance form containing correct forecasts of all the matches given, played to a finish.

COUPON and Rules on PAGE 2 of COVER.

Should no entrance form be received giving the whole of the correct results, £100 will be paid to the competitor sending in the most correct forecasts, even if only 8 or 10.

£25 "MAUVE" COUPON PRIZE.

In addition we shall pay an extra £25 cash prize for the most correct forecast sent on a "Mary Bull" mauve coupon.

By using a mauve coupon, you have the opportunity of winning not only the £1,000 or the £100, but an extra £25. Thus in any event

£125 MUST BE WON.

Should a mauve coupon win, or share the £1,000 or £100, the £25 will be awarded to the sender of THE NEXT best mauve coupon. The final mauve coupon will be found in this week's *Mary Bull*, on sale Friday, November 6th.

Address "John Bull," 25, Floral Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C. Mark envelope "Football Contest No. 6."

The closing date is Friday, November 13th.

SEND YOUR ENTRIES NOW. FINAL COUPON APPEARS THIS WEEK.

PITY THE POOR EDITOR!

GEMS FROM OUR LETTER BAG.

"May I ask a question is it possible that our War Ships Could be clade in Say 18 inchs of indiarubber i have an idea that indiarubber at 18 inch thick would have more protection to a Ship then Steel i dons Say do away with Steel but ad the rubber to it in the First place a ordinary bullet passing through one inch of rubber the rubber would Close up after it and undoubtedly prolong the life of Our big Ships as the leaking Could not be so raped i Find a ordinary bullet will Scatter ½ inch of Steel in all ways but not rubber owing to its been flexible."

"You will see I am very annoyed at your conduct. You will see tho I am a difficult man to deal with. Possibly you notice that I am writing you annollimos because I know from a chap what worked for a Soliciter that you carn't put annollimos letters in your knewspaper. I go to the trouble to send you startling imformation about what George saw at the TEMPERANCE FATE on ROOKERY FARM, POKESDOWN and you try to hold me up to the ridiculous by putting my letter in your paper of Oct. 17. Why didnt you send your Chief Detective down to find about that Ham what we told us about. You seem to be getting a independent man dont you? George knows you was there yourself and saw what was going on. Didnt you refuse to have a Cup of Tea with him just because he had a dog in his pocket, then afterwards you go and sit down along with the heads and shout for more cake, more Tea, till you think you get enough for your tanner. Then as soon as you eard War was declared you runs off to the Station at POKESDOWN and goes back to your offices in London, and shuts your eyes to the fact that we have forgot about this. George his going to see it theew, even if HE have to come up to the War Office to see you. Please remember this is annolimos. Will be hearing from us againe."

Racing Notes.

Jarnac II is surely an unlucky horse. Knocked over at the start in the Stewards' Cup and badly kicked at the post for the Cambridgeshire, two races which looked "good" for him have been thrown away. We must, however, live to fight another day, and in the meantime can only hope that the tips we gave for Ambassador and Diadumenos—both of which showed a good profit each way—saved the situation for our readers.

We have now but three weeks of the season to go, but each of these has its big race. The Liverpool Cup is the first of these, and a preliminary survey of the situation may be useful now. Junior is top weight, being set to give 3 lbs. to Maiden Erlegh, which, with the latter on his best behaviour, he probably could not do. China Cock, the hero of three Liverpool Cups, comes next in the handicap, and had he done the requisite amount of work he would be dangerous. He does not, however, appear to have been very busy, and may be left out on this occasion. Arda has a chance if not kept for the Derby Cup, but the two best handicapped horses in the race are DIADUMENOS and GREEN FALCON, and at the present time they both look well worth supporting.

Windsor at the week-end provides two interesting days' racing. On Friday, JARNAC II. should make some amends for his very bad luck last week by taking the Berkshire Handicap. The Frogmore Nursery should go to GREY TIP; the Black Nest Welter to GEORGETTE; the Herne Oak Plate to KINGSBOROUGH, and the Park T.Y.O. Selling Plate to ELLERSLIE.

On Saturday, DAME QUICKLY on the Alexandra Park running should be good for the Guy Fawkes Handicap, but even better should be EARLDUCK* for the College Nursery, this representing the best thing of the two days. The Forest Selling Nursery should be won by **SILVERFOOT**; and the Castle Selling Plate by AULDANA.

'BULLETS' GREAT XMAS OFFER!

1500 TURKEYS

£250 FIRST PRIZE

TEN WAR PRIZES OF £10 EACH

250 TURKEYS
TO BE WON THIS WEEK.

At great expense we have secured 1,500 Specially Selected Turkeys as "Bullets" Prizes, 250 of which are to be won this week.

In consequence of the War, Turkeys will be very scarce this year, and more expensive. Many of our readers will probably find it impossible to procure one at all. The "Bullets" Turkeys will be of the very highest quality and WORTH AT LEAST £1 EACH. They will be despatched to prize-winners in ample time for the Christmas Dinner, and winners will be notified immediately the awards are made each week.

Such an unequalled opportunity of securing a Fine, Plump Turkey for your Xmas Dinner should on no account be missed.

In addition a First Prize of £250, Ten Special War Prizes of £10 each, numerous Cash Prizes, and 2,000 other handsome Prizes are to be won.

£250 FIRST PRIZE

TEN PRIZES OF £2:10/- EACH

100 Prizes of 10/- | **2,000 OTHER PRIZES** | **200 Prizes of 5/-**

Bullets can be constructed only from any of these 30 Examples.

IF ZEPPELINS ARRIVE	CLEARING THE COAST	ARGUING WITH MISSUS	AT LARGE	MILKMAN'S CALL
TURKEY'S END	LONG ENGAGEMENT	SEEKING SHELTER	SOLDIER'S BREAKFAST	IDLE TALK
RETIRING IN DISORDER	FATHER'S OCCUPATION	HOPEFUL SIGN	THE NEW BABY	NEVER IN DOUBT
NATIONAL RELIEF	NEVER TROUBLES ME	GETTING THE PUSH	RUNNING RISKS	NOT ALL THERE
LIGHTING THE FIRE	MAKING SAUSAGES	ABSORBING SUBJECT	BITTER MEMORIES	BREAKING OF PROMISE
BADLY TREATED	TOMMY'S QUESTION	SHOWING WHITE FEATHER	BURNING FURIES	KNOCKED UP

Closing date, Thursday, November 12th.

Example .....

Bullet .....

Example .....

Bullet .....

(110) P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page iii of cover.

Signed .....

Address .....

A Sixpenny Entry Fee Must Accompany this Coupon.

Not more than three words may be used to construct a Bullet.
This week's Bullets Coupons will also be found in "Mary Bull," dated November 14th.

Closing date, Thursday, November 12th.

Example .....

Bullet .....

Example .....

Bullet .....

(110) P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page iii of cover.

Signed .....

Address .....

A Sixpenny Entry Fee Must Accompany this Coupon

ENVELOPES SHOULD BE MARKED "BULLETS NO. 110," "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.
Write "COMPETITION" on top left-hand corner of Envelope.

2,571 PRIZES Value £1,175 THIS WEEK!

HOW TO MAKE BULLETS.

First choose any of our thirty examples. Then give two words or three words having some bearing on the example chosen. The FIRST AND LAST word selected MUST begin with ANY OF THE LETTERS in the example chosen. If three words are selected any word can be used as the middle word.

For instance, if you take the example "BITTER MEMORIES" and take the letters "O" and "E" using the word "FOLLOW" as the middle word, you can make the Bullet, "OFTEN FOLLOW EMIGRATION." From one example, "ARGUING WITH MISSUS" the Bullet, "GENERALLY UNPROFITABLE" can be formed.

Again, if you choose the example, "NEVER IN DOUBT" using the letter "T" as initial for both the first and last word, you can make the Bullet, "THAT WARFARE TERRORISES."

Competitors may send in two BULLETS on one coupon for sixpence. But if both coupons are used an entry fee of one shilling must be sent.

The ink will not run if the coupon is slightly warmed before being used.

RESULT OF THIS COMPETITION WILL BE FOUND IN OUR ISSUE DATED NOVEMBER 28th, 1914.

RESULT OF 107TH BULLETS COMPETITION.

FIRST PRIZE OF £250:—

Mr. J. N. THOMAS,
Oak Street, Fleetwood.

Example:—A NEAR THING.
Bullet:—TEMPTATION WHEN HUNGRY.

10 WAR PRIZES OF £20 EACH:

Miss I. CUTLER 14, Norman Road, Thornton Heath: OUT OF WORK—THE OPTIMIST'S TEST.
Mr. VICTOR FILMER, 34, Devonshire Rd., Forest Hill, S.E.: WAR TERMS—SWEATER'S NEW EXCUSE.
MARGARET SINCLAIR, 104, Rottenrow, Glasgow: STRIKE UP—NEW TROOPER'S TROUBLE.
Mr. ARTHUR WOOD, 374, Hessle Road, Hull: MAKING NO ADVANCE—IN PRICE, ADVICE.
Mr. F. J. PAYTON, 88, Lauderdale Road, East Dulwich, S.E.: STARTLING REDUCTIONS—CANDIDATE PROMISES RATEPAYERS.
Mrs. N. REED, 4, Fairfield Gardens, Crouch End, N.: FIREWORK DISPLAY—DOUBTING NAVVY'S PATRIOTISM.
Gunner W. N. BIRCHMORPE, No. 1356, 1st Battery, 1st London Brigade, R.F.A., Handel St. Barracks, Bloomsbury, W.C.: FUNNY STORY—THE JUDGE'S TALE.
Mr. JOHN LLOYD, Mainstone House, Llandrindod Wells: A BURNING QUESTION—NEW BOARDER'S ANTECEDENTS.
Mr. A. SCUTT, Bank House, Cirencester: I DON'T THINK—IT'S RIBS OUR OFFICE-BOY.
HELENE MONTAPOR, "Phoness," 7, Braid Rd., Edinburgh: MOST AMAZING WHEN—MUNICIPAL DEPUTATION WALKS.

TEN PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH.

Mrs. C. MINETT, 2, The Oaks, Gloucester Rd., Kingston-on-Thames: A NEAR THING—HOUSEKEEPING AFTER HONEYMOON.
Mr. WM. COOPER, 44, Hearnville Road, Balham, London, S.W.: STARTLING REDUCTIONS—"ROSENBAUM" BECOMES "ROSE."
Miss RUTH RUDD, 5, Water Street, Rhyl, Wales: STARTLING REDUCTIONS—TABLE FATHER LAID.
Mr. W. G. BROMFIELD, 59, London Road, Ipswich: OUT OF WORK—"TOPPER" AFTER WEDDING.
Private (9912) R. PAYNE, No. 1 Company, 3rd City Batt. Manchester Regt., White City, Manchester: NOT FAST ENOUGH—HEELS DURING NIGHTMARE.
Mr. J. ROSCOE, P.O. Caton, Lancaster: STARTLING REDUCTIONS—IN ROUND SHOULDERS.
Mr. S. LIVELY, 57, The Side, Newcastle-on-Tyne: WAR TERMS—RENAME MURDERS REPRISALS.
Mrs. H. EDWARDS, 128, Victoria Drive, Eastbourne: NOT FAST ENOUGH—TOMMIES' WOUNDS HEALING.
Mr. SAM BREWERTON, 44, Trent Terrace, Abbey Rd., Hanley: NOT FAST ENOUGH—SAVINGS-BOX LID USUALLY.
Mr. GODFREY PHILLIPS, 131, First Avenue, Manor Park, E.: FIREWORK DISPLAY—STAGE HERO'S SWORDSMANSHIP.

100 PRIZE WINNERS OF 10s. EACH.

ABSON, W. H., 23, Warwick Road, Batley Carr, Dewsbury.
AIKEN, J. W., 187, Burton Lane, York.
ANDERTON, R., Hawkley Hall Cottage, nr. Wigan, Lancs.
AYRES (Mrs.), 18, Beech Av., Sherwood Road, Nottingham.
AYRE, F. G., Laboratory Inspection Dept., Royal Arsenal, Woolwich.
BABB, S., 45, Station Road, Church End, Finchley, N.
BASNETT, J. H., 43, Bath Street, Portobello.
BAYLETT, A. T., Bristol House, High Street, Ramsey, Hunts
BAYER, J., 3, High Street, Twyford, Berks.
BEAL, R. (Mrs.), Staughton Villa, Headley Road, Liphook, Hants.
BEATTIE, J., 1, McLean Place, Dumbarton, Scotland.
BENSON, H. H., 11, Fir Road, Waterloo, Liverpool.
BIRCH, H., Vine House, Edingale, nr. Tamworth, Staffs.
BRAMNER, F., 28, Minnie Street, Haworth, Yorkshire.
BRENNAN, J., 33, Carville Road, Wallsend-on-Tyne.
BURNS, H. A., 20, Avenham Road, Preston.
BUTLER, F., 2, Woodville Grove, South Reddish, Stockport.
CAPMAN, M. J. (Miss), 160, Waterloo Road, Wolverhampton.
CHAPMAN, H., 18, Akroyd Terrace, Halifax.
COHEN, J., 167, Queen Victoria Street, Blackfriars, E.C.
COOK, M., Chester Street, Shrewsbury.
COWLAND, A. (Miss), 23, Oaklands Terr., Rathgar, Dublin.
COX, J. G., Vine Tree Cottage, Newmarket, Nailsworth, Glos.
COX, J. (Mrs.) Hatfield Farm, Stert, near Devizes, Wilts.
CRAWFORD, M., 114, Birchfield Road, Widnes.
CRAIG, J., 7, West Campbell Street, Paisley, Scotland.
CUNNINGHAM, J. C., 14, Hallhead Road, Edinburgh.
DAWSON, W., Timekeeping Dept., Messrs. Caird and Co., Ltd., Greenock.
DUNNING, W. C., 24, Holland Street, Crewe, Cheshire.
ELKINGTON, L., 42, Queen Street, Haverhill, Cambridge.
ELMSLIE, P., 4, Byron Street, Amble, Northumberland.
EPPS, J., c.o. Messrs. Peek, Frean and Co., Ltd., Drummond Road, Bermondsey, S.E.
FRANCIS, E. (Mrs.), 59, Highfield Road, Coventry.
GALE, F., South Poorton, Melplash, Dorset.
GEORGE, A. J., Broadway House, Market Lavington, Devizes.
GOOCH, A., 94, Tennyson Road, Southampton.
GRIMLEY, H. N., Norton Rectory, Bury St. Edmunds.
HALE, J. E., 18, Oakwood Road, Swansea.
HALLIDAY, F. (Mrs.), 60, Clarendon Street, Dover, Kent.
HARRISON, G., 71, New Bridge Rd., Holderness Rd., Hull.
HEWIE, W., Greenside, Kelty, Fife.
HICKS, J., 5, Gladys Avenue, North End, Portsmouth.
HIGHAM, T., 85, Lyons Lane, Chorley, Lancs.
HOLDSWORTH, W., 2, Norwood Grove, Victoria Road, Headingley, Leeds.
HODSON, W., Army P.O., Belton Camp, Grantham.
HORNSBY, G. A., 54, Portman Street, Middlesbrough.
HOUSTON, J., 28, Roker Park Road, Sunderland.
JAMES, J., 40, The Mount, Reading.
JOANSON, M., 9, Canada Street, Eccles, Manchester.
JONES, T., 16, Oxford Street, Reading.
JONES, T. H., Carleton, Portishead, Somerset.
JONES, A. E. (Miss), 23, Lichfield Road, Walsall.
KAVE, A. J., 18, Lancaster Rd., Upton Lane, Forest Gate, E.
KENT, J. G., 30, Battenhall Road, Worcester.
LANE, J. T., 15, Tarry Road, Saltley, Birmingham.
LEEMING, Z., 37, Crawshaw Street, Accrington, Lancs.
LETCHER, J. T., St. Agnes, Truro, Cornwall.
LONG, W., Provender Manor, Faversham, Kent.
MARTIN, W., 2, George Street, Whiteinch, Glasgow.
MARTIN, G., 84, Leamington Street, Manningham, Bradford.
MARSHALL, A. S., 2, Furnivall Road, Doncaster.
MARSHALL, J., 43, Lancaster Road, Notting Hill, W.
MATTHEWS, J., 37, Beaconsfield Rd., Christchurch, Hants.
MACFARLANE, H., Merevale, Atherstone.
MCCARTHY, C., Guinness's Brewery, Dublin.
MILLS, O. S., 3, Havelock St., Glasgow.
MITCHINSON, C., 4, Brougham Street, Edinburgh.
MONRO, C., 84, Cornwall Road, South Tottenham, N.
MORRIS, F. H., Inland Revenue Office, High Bridge, Lincoln.

The original of the above cheque will be on view at the premises of Mr. Todd, newsagent, 78, Waterworks Street, Hull, from Thursday, November 5, and from November 9, at those of Mr. J. Richardson, Newsagent, 56, Holderness Road, Hull.

A reproduction of the cheque will be shown daily on the screen at the Kinema Picture Palace, Anlaby Road, Hull.

NALL, F. (Mrs.), 95, Queen's Road, Fairfield Buxton, Derbyshire.
NEILSON, J. V., Conductor, L.C.C., 25, Nansen Road, Clapham Common, S.W.
PAGE, T., 253, Rothbury Terrace, Newcastle-on-Tyne.
PARTINGTON, G. (Mrs.), 10, Elleray Road, Pendleton, Manchester.
PEARCE, S., 84, Melfort Road, Thornton Heath, Surrey.
PERRY, E. (Miss), 56, Cross Street, Sudbury, Suffolk.
PRINCE, G., Whops Farm, Laindon, Essex.
REYNOLDS, A. C., London Street, Newport, Mon.
RHYDDERCH, P. (Mrs.), Gurrey Bank, Surgery Road, Blaina, Mon.
ROBERTS, M., 87, Jubilee Road, Aberaman, Aberdare, South Wales.
SALKIND, F., 2, Hamilton Road, Cromer.
SAUNDERS, L. (Mrs.), 16, Prior Park Buildings, Bath.
SCORCHMER, EDGAR F., Wheathampstead, St. Albans.
SCOTT, F. W., 21, Market Street, Torquay, Devon.
SHELTON, B., 4, Grange St., Loughboro'.
SMITH, A. (Mrs.), Sussex House, Winchester, Hants.
SMITH, G., 121, Richmond Park Road, Bournemouth.
SPARROW, G., 36, Weldbank Lane, Chorley.
SQUIER, C., Cash Stores, Septon, Ylewsley.
SUMMERS, E., 73, Loch St., Aberdeen.
THOMAS, G. (Mrs.), 33, Prendergast, Haverfordwest.
THOMPSON, R. M. (Rev.), Dresden Vicarage, Longton, Staffs.
THYNE, W., 285, Upper Springvale Road, Sheffield.
VENTRIS, W., Rose Villa, Sea View Estate, Great Wakering, Essex.
WALLWORK, L. D., 204, Lever Street, Radcliffe, Lancs.
WALKER, A., 29, Bloom Street, Derby.
WILKINSON, J., 4, Valley Street, Oldham Road, Manchester.
WILLIAMS, J., Heimar, Albert Crescent, Penarth, South Wales.
WINGRAVE, R., 6, Colin Road, Luton, Beds.
WOOD, L. L. (Miss), 55, Paxton Road, Chiswick, W.
WOOD, F. K., 6, St. Peter's Road, Wisbech, Cambs.

Selection from 200 Prize-Winners of 5s. each.

TAPP, A. R., Railway Cottage, Mount Pleasant Road, Exeter.
TAYLOR, K. (Mrs.), 81, Narboro' Road, Leicester.
TELLWRIGHT, A., 75, Chapel St., Leigh.
THOMAS, A., St. Elmo, Jubilee Road, Waterlooville, Cosham, Hants.
THOMPSON, A., 11, Carlton Road, Derby.
TOPHAM, MABEL V., Springfield, Colgate, Horsham, Sussex.
TUKE, T. (Miss), 26, Caldervale Road, Clapham Park, S.W.
TUATON, W. V., 1, Suez St., Warrington.
TURNER, C., 67, Napier Road, Pouders End, Middlesex.
UNWIN, G. (Mrs.), 82, Hainton Avenue, Grimsby.
VIRGO, T. E., 54, Blackfriars Street, King's Lynn.
WADSTAFFE, WINIFRED, c.o. W. B. Darley, Northmount Brethy, Burton-on-Trent.
WAKEFIELD, E. (Mrs.), 105, Springvale Rd., Sheffield.
WARD, J. E., c.o. R. Lunt and Co., Ltd., Old Square, Birmingham.
WARRINGTON, J., 452, Cheetham Hill Road, Cheetham Hill, Manchester.
WARREN, C. C., 37, Almeric Road, Clapham Junction, S.W.
WATT, E. M. (Miss), The Schoolhouse, Tynninghame, Prestonkirk, N.B.

"BULLETS" RULES (*which must be strictly adhered to*).

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. A careful study of the winning efforts from week to week will also indicate the standard of merit to be attained. The right to divide a prize or prizes among two or more competitors is reserved.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons on page 2?, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. Both coupons may be used, but each coupon must be accompanied by a postal order for 6d. made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed "& Co." Competitors must write their names and addresses, and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Competitors sending more than one coupon may enclose one postal order for the full amount covering the number of their coupons.

4. Coupons must not be defaced in any manner, or have portions of another coupon pasted upon them.

5. Entries must reach us not later than the first post on the morning of Thursday, November 12th.

6. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

7. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

No element of chance enters into the adjudication of our "Bullets" Competition. Every coupon is judged by TWO DIFFERENT Members of our special staff of Adjudicators, who have been elected by reason of their high qualification for this work. This staff put aside all coupons which they considered sufficiently meritorious to qualify for a prize. So that before any coupon is rejected, TWO DIFFERENT Judges have to decide that it is not of sufficient merit to receive a prize. Then, all coupons selected are considered by the Competition Editor in consultation with the Judges. In this manner the coupons are reduced in number to correspond with the total number of prizes to be awarded. The Competition Editor, again in consultation with the Judges, next selects all the lines of outstanding merit. These are placed before the Editor, who, after consultation, decides finally the order of merit. This system of judging keeps a large staff of Adjudicators continually occupied the whole of the week—so thoroughly is the work done. We would point out that, by this system of judging, no award is decided arbitrarily by one mind. It is only after a line has been considered sufficiently meritorious by a BODY OF JUDGES IN CONSULTATION, all of whom are specially qualified for the work, that it can receive a cash or any other prize. As regards the principal prizes, the coupons of outstanding merit are considered many times by the Editor, and also by the Competition Editor and the adjudication staff in consultation, before the final awards are made. In a sentence, ALL coupons are read and considered and re-read and re-considered by a specially selected staff of highly-qualified Adjudicators, under the general supervision of an experienced Competition Expert—and in consultation with the Editor. That is why "Bullets" constitute a genuine skill contest, free from any and every element of arbitrary decision or of chance selection.

Complete List of all Cash and other Prize-Winners in the above Competition can be seen at the Offices of "John Bull."

If the German Crown Prince—

If the German Crown Prince could have his way with the £100,000 worth of superb furniture now on view at the "Midland" Salons—it wouldn't be long before the loot was on its way to Potsdam.

For at the "Midland" there are galleries upon galleries of splendidly-made furniture in almost infinite variety. Every style and period is represented, from the classic work of Sheraton, Chippendale and the other famous old designers up to the newest ideas of the most modern craftsmen.

And when you look at the plainly marked prices you will be astonished to find how inexpensive such beautiful furniture really is, *at the "Midland."*

Money buys more at the "Midland."

Nowhere else can you get the same transcendent value for every shilling you spend on furniture. And the "Midland" Ideal Terms make it easy, even in War time, to get just such a beautiful home as *you* want—and to get it out of income, without delay or disturbance of your capital.

Write for the "Midland" Book of Furniture

It contains over 1,000 photographs of furniture actually taken inside the "Midland" Salons. It is the finest, most complete and most practical Guide to Furnishing ever issued.

Free Life and Fire Insurance

The "Midland" charge nothing for credit—no interest, no deposit—nothing beyond the plainly marked prices on each article.

Ideal Terms.
Town or Country.

Worth		Per Month.
£10	...	£0 6 0
£20	...	0 11 0
£30	...	0 17 0
£40	...	1 5 0
£50	...	1 8 0
£100	...	2 5 0
£200	...	4 10 0
£500	...	11 5 0

Larger amounts pro rata.

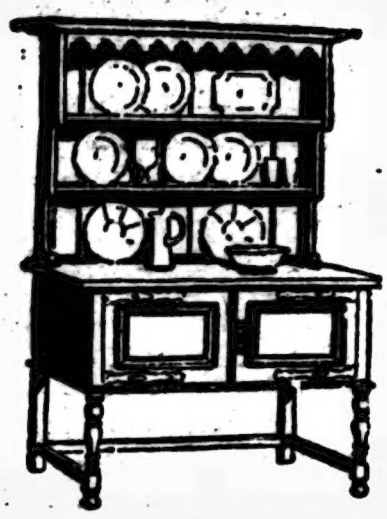
Customers can also obtain free insurance policies whereby **all furniture purchased on Ideal Terms becomes the absolute property of the wife** in the event of the death of the purchaser. **All furniture** thus purchased is also **insured against fire free.**

Country Orders.

All goods carefully packed free of charge, and forwarded carriage paid.

10% Discount for Cash.

An exceedingly comfortable Easy Chair, double sprung, sumptuously upholstered and covered in art tapestry to customer's choice. An exceptional bargain at £7 15s. 0d.

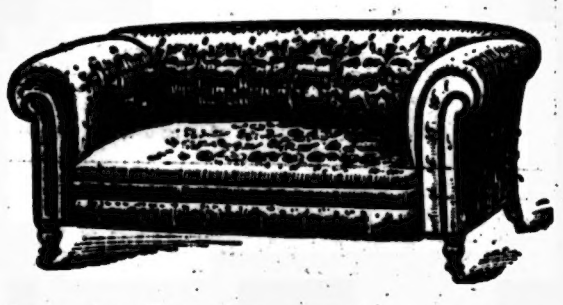


Soundly constructed Oak Dresser of quaint design, with roomy cupboard in the lower part, and oxydised hinges and fittings. Finished in any shade desired. £3 3s. 0d.

Handsomely finished Sheraton style Mahogany Bedroom Suite, comprising 4 ft. Wardrobe with bevelled oval mirror in door and drawer at foot, Dressing-chest with bevelled swing mirror at back, Washstand with marble-top and tiled back. Complete, with 2 cane-seated Chairs. £14 14s. 0d.

Rail Fares Paid.

If you live outside London, your fare up to London will be refunded to you on all purchases amounting to £20 or over.



Large size Chesterfield, beautifully upholstered and covered in tapestry to customer's choice. With or without drop end. £4 14s. 6d.

Midland

Furnishing Company, Ltd.,

Contractors to H.M. Crown Agents for the Colonies,

15 to 23, Southampton Row, Holborn, London, W.C.

Seven doors from Holborn and Holborn Tube Station.
1 minute from British Museum Tube Station.

Hours—9 till 8. Saturdays—9 till 1.

Governing Director, GEORGE MICHAEL (who has been associated with the business for 40 years).

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